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THE CRESSET

Radio's Account with Religion

BY ERIC C. MALTE

The Road

A STORY
BY RICKA KLEIN REETS

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 1 NO. 10

Twenty-five Cents

The CRESSET

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In This Issue:

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THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

NOTES and COMMENT

Faith and Reason—Hell on the Border—Education and The Church—No Virtue in Us—A Chicken in Every Pot?

Faith and Reason

EVERY little while some well-meaning writer in THE CRESSET or elsewhere declares that Christianity is more reasonable than unbelief, that it is more logical to suppose that species were created than that they evolved, or something else of similar tendency. The intention is evidently to make certain religious teachings more acceptable to men by creating the impression that they are supported by reason. Are they then not articles of faith? If they are, do they need human support? Is it even possible to give them such support? There seem to be two alternatives. Either Christian truth is on a level on which reason can neither affirm nor deny, or else reason can both support and undermine it. We cannot appeal to reason when it suits us and refuse it a voice when we dislike its deliverances. What position we should occupy in this matter would seem to be indicated in the words of St. Paul, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

Hell on the Border

ONE hears and reads more and more of a new hellish menace that hangs over the children and youth of our land: the menace of marihauna. In the days of the Crusades the Prince of the Assassins, the "Old Man of the Mountains," intoxicated his followers with hashish before he sent them out to murder his enemies. Little did we dream, when we learned of this in history,

that this narcotic would one day invade the United States. But marihuana is only another name for hashish.

The devil's weed from whose resin marihuana is made, the Indian hemp, grows widely in our country. It was one of the first plants which the writer learned to recognize in his boyhood in Illinois, fifty years ago. It grew there near stables. The drug gained from this plant is usually sold in cigarettes known as "reefers" or "muggles," and conscienceless vendors sometimes give them to high school students to make customers of them. Younger children may be given candy containing the drug. A habit is soon formed. The effect comes slowly, continues for a long time, and is quite variable. It frequently consists of a distortion of the sense of space and time, of hallucinations, and of a delirious rage during which murder and other crimes are committed without the least compunction. Every child and youth should be warned not to accept cigarettes and candy from strangers, and all possible support should be given to the efforts of the authorities to stamp out the sale and use of the satanic drug, marihuana.

Education and the Church

IN A FEW weeks thousands of American boys and girls will return to the classrooms of our land. Perhaps this is as good a time as any to say that American educators are frantic about their task. They seem to be quite unanimous in the conviction that the present system of education is not producing the desired results. They have tried desperately to make school attendance a more interesting venture than it used to be. They have tried to raise academic standards by demanding ever better training on the part of those who are to serve in the capacity of teachers. They have attempted to give education more practical meaning by integrating academic courses somewhat more fully with reality. And yet, they realize that something is wanting. They do not, however, seem to understand that it is not what a man has or knows that makes him a true man. In the final analysis, it is always what a man is that counts. Poor and uneducated people may be and often have been tremendously valuable members of society. On the other hand, men may be both rich and intellectually trained and still be a burden to themselves and others. It still is true that God and the soul cannot be neglected with impunity. It is because modern education neglects the soul, at times even ignores its existence, that its results are so unsatisfactory, that moral standards are abandoned (a recent study of American Youth by *Life*, the pictorial weekly, showed that 23½ per cent of our American college girls and 52 per cent of our college boys had pre-marital experiences), and that juvenile crime is terrifyingly on the increase. The answer? There can be no final solu-

tion of the problem for the children of the Church until every phase of educational work is conducted within the walls of the Church.

No Virtue in Us

WE sometimes pride ourselves on virtues by which we have come rather cheaply and which we can maintain without much effort. This is true of individuals, and no less of nations. Americans are likely to feel very righteous when they censure the aggressive policies of Japan, Italy, and Germany and, by way of contrast, point out how free we ourselves are from imperialistic designs. They are often unmindful of the difference between our situation and theirs. Our density of population is about 41 to the square mile; that of Italy, 341; of Germany, 345; and of Japan, 435. In still greater disproportion are our natural resources as against those of the countries named. What, then, should induce us to embark on imperialistic adventures? Such "peace-loving" countries of Europe, on the other hand, as England, France, Holland, and Belgium, have long ago helped themselves to the best colonies available on earth. They are the "haves" and ask nothing but to be left in peaceful possession. It is the "have-nots," whose expanding populations are pressing against their borders and who find the rest of the world preempted, who cannot convince themselves that all is as it should be and who, therefore, meditate on desperate measures. If we take such facts into account, we may view current events more intelligently, judge other nations more fairly, and perhaps be less certain of our own superior virtue.

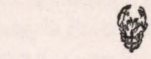
A Chicken in Every Pot?

THE stock market is rising. The steel output is increasing. Prevailing sentiment with reference to the economic outlook seems to be more optimistic. All this is very interesting. It shows that practically all of the financial dopesters were wrong again. Hardly anyone expected improvement in the economic status of the nation before fall. Many were absolutely sure that it would not come then. And yet, here it is! Interesting also is the fact that certain newspapers which have been trying desperately to make the absolute most of the depression for the purpose of discrediting the present administration are now attributing improved business conditions wholly and solely to "pump priming." Those who see things more realistically know that inventories have run low and that an actual demand for new goods exists. The future course of the upturn depends on a number of intangibles which are still beyond the control of the prophets of business, the owners of the press, and the holders of public office.

and the steel, and the block and the tackle, but—not enough to pay for the blood turning southern waters crimson, not enough to pay for the ribbons of flesh drifting lazily into mouths of fish, who, from all reports, are the only well-fed inhabitants of that sad region. But that's sentiment, and sentiment has no place in this world of ours. And yet there are women and children in those ports whose stomachs are empty, whose cheeks are hollow, and whose eyes search the horizon for a sign that the world is still Christian. Whether the grain comes in for love or for money matters not to them. Does it matter to us? Check for those who condemn the Prime Minister for not sending warships into Spanish waters.

And what would happen if he did? That's anybody's guess these days, but if experience means anything, God alone could hold down the lid in Europe if such a step were taken. Are the eyes of even a Prime Minister clear enough to look down all the years of slaughter and bloodshed which could, and probably would, result from a move in that direction? Can he read already the learned tomes of 1980, saying that England precipitated a second world war for the sake of a few thousand pounds profit on Spanish food ships? Has he perhaps weighed a world and its civilization and its millions of living, soon dead, against what men call his country's honour? Check for the Prime Minister.

If only things were black and white, and not so confusingly gray.



The Cost of War

WE ARE certain that none of our readers wants another war. We are just as certain that our readers realize the enormous expense a war entails, because the cost of the last great war has repeatedly been impressed upon us. Nevertheless, as these figures run into billions of dollars, they do not really register until they are broken down, brought into the range of comprehension, and compared to other figures. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in a recent report presented a number of facts and figures that are highly illuminating.

We are told that the direct and indirect monetary cost of the World War was four hundred billion dollars. Even though we are becoming accustomed to speak in terms of billions these days, this total, though incomprehensible, is sufficiently startling to give anyone pause. That we may bring this amount down to earth, we are informed that it is enough to furnish every family in the British Isles, France, Belgium, Germany, Canada, and the United States with a $2,500 house, on a $500 five-acre lot, furnished with $1,000 worth of furniture. Nor is that all. In addition, a $5,000,000 library could be provided for every city of 20,000 or more in

these countries, and a $10,000,000 university. Nor is that all. Another part, set aside at 5% interest, would yield enough to pay *for all time,* annually, $1,000 each to an army of 125,000 teachers and an army of 125,000 nurses. By this time, we hope, you have become sufficiently interested to get out your pencil and paper to verify these statements. After a little figuring you will realize that the entire amount has not yet been spent. The fact is that there would still be enough left over to buy every single bit of property and all the wealth in France and Belgium, including every cathedral and church, all public buildings, every railroad, every factory, every farm, and every home. If this makes you dizzy, you are not alone, and you will be ready to agree that, considering the material cost alone, war is an expensive luxury. That is, if you ever doubted it.

Monopoly in Broadcasting?

DURING the closing hours of the 75th Congress, the House voted down the Connery Resolution to investigate alleged monopolistic practices in radio. The vote was almost two to one to bury the proposed investigation. The resolution is now consigned to oblivion since a new House will be seated in the fall elections. There is no doubt that a thorough-going investigation of monopoly in radio would reveal some pretty startling conditions. Today it is an admitted fact that it takes money to build and run a radio station. The comparatively few stations sponsored by universities or religious bodies have a limited range. A prophet with a message would have a hard time building a station or obtaining time on a national chain. The accepted procedure seems to be that the said prophet must first build up a vast dues-paying organization (see Townsend, Huey Long, Father Divine, etc.). After that pressure may be applied to obtain time. Perhaps the forthcoming monopoly investigation in the world of business, which will be conducted by the Senate, may touch on current radio practice. Thurman Arnold and others who will conduct the investigation will almost of necessity consider the field of communications. From there it is but a step to an investigation of monopoly in broadcasting. Whatever is uncovered will be interesting.

China's Sorrow

JUST when men were wondering how long Japan could hold out and just when men were wondering how long China could hold out, along comes the Yellow River, China's Sorrow, and breaks its banks, sending a half million peasants scurrying to high ground and giving Japan a new headache.

35,000,000 radios blaring song and speech into the homes of America—what price or profit in them?

RADIO'S ACCOUNT WITH RELIGION

By ERIC C. MALTE

IN EDWARD BELLAMY'S *Looking Backward,* written fifteen years before Guglielmo Marconi in Newfoundland plucked from the bleak December air three Morse dots of the letter "S" broadcast from Poldhu, England, and thirty-four years before the first professional radio broadcast, the hero remarks: "It appears to me that if we could have devised an arrangement for providing everybody with music in their homes, perfect in quality, unlimited in quantity, suited to every mood, and beginning and ceasing at will, we should have considered the limit of human felicity already attained, and cease to strive for further improvements."

Were Bellamy alive today, he would be amazed to learn that part of his dream has been fulfilled. Today radio provides not only music, but it offers news, brings educational, religious, and entertainment service to the entire world. Gross revenue from the sale of time by American broadcasters totalled $140,000,000 in 1937, according to a tabulation prepared by Dr. Herman Hettinger of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce for the yearbook of broadcasting. It is believed that there were approximately 35,000,000 radios in use in this country at the opening of 1938. Radio does play a large rôle in all areas of our daily American life.

Few thinking persons who have reviewed critically what radio offers and who have thought somewhat on the probable influence of programs on the average man's thinking and doing, will be ready to admit that Bellamy's "limit of human felicity" has been attained for American listeners. Let us see what radio has done for religion.

Radio has given all types and shades

of religion—the fulminations of Judge Rutherford and his Jehovah's Witnesses; the pagan discourses of Poling, Cadman, and Fosdick; the Roman Catholic messages of Dr. Fulton J. Sheen; the Gospel preaching of the Lutheran Hour—the opportunity to filter into every home and institution in the land. The attitude of almost all radio stations is friendly to religion, since religious programs help to build and maintain the listener's good will for commercial broadcasts.

The first church to use this modern invention was Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church of Pittsburgh. When KDKA, "the pioneer broadcasting station of the world," began daily broadcasting, there was no program suitable for Sunday evening. Someone suggested that a church service be broadcast. Since there was no precedent for this kind of program, no one could tell whether church services would broadcast well, or whether the churches would consent to such broadcasting. Permission was received from Calvary church, and the first church service went on the air on Sunday, January 2, 1921.

Religion on the Air

Clerical opinion in those early years of radio was divided. Some thought it hurt churches, making it easier to attend service in the home. If people could hear powerful preaching and excellent church choirs while sitting in the easy chair at home, all incentive for attending church services would be taken away. Others saw in these religious broadcasts the bringing of religion to those who would never come to church, perhaps the conversion of thousands who had never heeded the message of religion into regular attendants.

The rapid development of broadcasting led to such chaotic conditions in the channels of the air that Congress took action, in 1927, by enacting a law providing for the creation of a Federal Radio Commission of five members. This commission officially ended its existence in July, 1934, when its successor, the Federal Communications Commission, was sworn in.

At first time was sold to any church that applied. Shortly after the organization of the National Broadcasting System, on November 1, 1926, its chairman announced that no time for religious purposes would be sold. Instead, time would be given free; and the responsibility for selecting preachers and programs would be placed on religious bodies.

Today Protestant ministers for programs on the National system are chosen by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, and Catholic priests by the National Council of Catholic Men. During the past season forty-one Protestant services were put on the air each month by the Federal Council. Dr. Ralph Sockman preached every Sunday morning at 10 over WEAF and the red network, while Dr. Harry Emerson Fos-

dick, the patron saint of modern unbelievers, preached at 4:30 P.M. in National Vespers over WJZ and the blue network. The Catholic Hour, with Dr. Fulton J. Sheen, an able preacher, was heard each Sunday evening at 6. Should the National Council of Catholic Men select Father Coughlin instead of Dr. Sheen, this would meet the approval of the National Broadcasting System, but the thundering radio priest cannot buy time as an individual. This he discovered a few years ago.

The Jewish programs are selected and planned by the United Synagogues of America. Thus the radio company avoids responsibility for religious speakers of any faith. Cyrus Fisher wrote in *Forum,* August, 1932, that "those engaged in radio fear the danger of provoking antagonism from any religious sect almost as much as they do governmental ownership or control."

The Columbia Broadcasting System, formed September 18, 1927, has now adopted a similar policy. In 1931, when Father Coughlin, the Pied Piper of perplexed people, became more and more vituperative, Columbia became correspondingly alarmed and soon passed a rule similar to that of the National Broadcasting Company, a rule which later prevented Father Coughlin from renewing his contract in the autumn of that year.

Since that time Columbia has sponsored the Church of the Air and gives free time to Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish bodies. Time is allotted among the chief denominations, which select their own preachers. From a recent letter by Ruth J. Allen, Broadcast Director of Church of the Air, we learn that Columbia carries the following religious programs on its network:

"Church of the Air"—Two half-hour programs each Sunday, at 10:00 A.M. and at 1:00 P.M., presenting speakers of all main denominations and faiths in rotation.

Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir—12:30-1:00 noon, each Sunday.

"Wings Over Jordan"—Negro choir and brief sermon each Sunday, 9:00-9:30 A.M.

Columbia explains its policy on religious broadcasting as follows:

The arrangements covering our religious services are made by us after careful consideration and consultation with representatives of the faiths and denominations presented on the air. It is our desire and policy to have these programs conform as nearly as possible to the regular morning and afternoon services held within churches. We do not schedule any one individual for a series of religious programs, believing we will render a more progressive and beneficial service by enabling the nation as a whole to hear the greatest number and largest variety of our distinguished religious leaders. . . . It is our plan and desire to make the Church of the Air services representative of the outstanding religious thoughts in the country and representative, as well, of all the geographical sections of the country. . . . It is recognized of course that there are numerous groups of our citizenry who are followers of religious teachings or concepts which are not included in the faiths enumerated above. Our policy is not for-

mulated upon a discrimination against any one or all of them, but is based primarily upon a consideration of the public interest and necessary limitation upon available time. We have found this policy an entirely satisfactory one over the past two years and it has received widespread commendation.

The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, in which all major Protestant denominations hold membership, with the exception of the Lutherans, controls all Protestant programs broadcast by the National Broadcasting System. This constitutes practically a monopoly. Furthermore, since we have witnessed the substitution of a veneered paganism for Christianity in most Protestant pulpits, it is hardly surprising to find the leading spokesmen of the Federal Council denying the fundamental tenets of orthodox Christianity. Harry Emerson Fosdick preaches a message of vague humanistic philosophy, and listening to him at 4:30 on Sunday afternoons, one wonders whether his *National Vespers* does not mirror the night of darkness that has begun to settle over much of modern Protestantism.

Unable to buy time on either the Columbia or National chain because of the rules mentioned above, the Lutheran church now sends out the Lutheran Hour over sixty stations of the recently organized Mutual Broadcasting System. The Lutheran Hour's audience is conservatively estimated at five to six million each Sunday. Thus in a country where the citizens select the wooden dummy of a ventriloquist as the favorite radio personality of 1937 and where the pious platitudes and half-baked concepts of unbelieving preachers continue to delude many listeners, it is still divinely remarkable that a radio sermon of truly Scriptural content and spiritual quality will draw other millions Sunday after Sunday to the loudspeaker.

Genius

"Genius is, half the time, confined to a small corner of the whole man. The rest of him is no better than anybody else. He doesn't even have deeper feelings. He merely knows how to make better use of them."—JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The PILGRIM

By O. P. KRETZMANN

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Memory in Ivy

AS I write this, a tentative moon rests on ivy that rustles reminiscently on the wall across the quadrangle. . . . Notes from the chapel organ quiver on the moon's beams. . . . Mullioned windows. . . . For the rest, a deep quiet as that of forgotten dreams. . . . Weeks of emptiness have banished from the nooks and corners of the quad the last echoes of hurrying feet. . . . What is it that lives on in places like this when every living, breathing thing has taken leave? . . . We can usually whip up a little temporary Alma Mater enthusiasm for class reunions and alumni days. . . . But it must be whipped up notwithstanding. . . . The trouble is that it can never be the same when once we have gone out. . . . We come back, not as we left, but as the world has made us. . . . And the world always comes along. . . . To sit down at midnight where it has no business. . . . And to look over our shoulder at something it does not understand. . . . For the things we dreamed and talked of when we belonged were anti-world. . . . It was not a question of what the world had done to us—than which there is no more common topic at class reunions—but what we were going to do to the world. . . . And tarnished principles never make good pillows. . . . (But not bad mirrors.) . . .

But come along on a night like this. . . . If you listen gently, the disembodied voices of the stones will come to you. . . . They whisper of high courage in a world of compromise. . . . Strains of the De Profundis mingle with the Trisagion. . . . Even a few sentences of a Latin lecture trickle from yonder medieval rainspout. . . . And get tangled up with a Gaudeamus Igitur. . . . Perhaps the voices will make you sad. . . . Perhaps they will make you jittery. . . . But they must make you think. . . . In places like this men dare to hew to the line . . . and don't even watch the chips. . . . Without variation they sing their songs in high degree. . . .

Despite the consciousness that the world will rewrite them in a lower key. . . . Matthew Arnold once said that a place like this was the home of lost causes. . . . That broken and bruised dreams came here to rest. . . . But these are the only causes that are finally not lost. . . . Their warp is of the eternal . . . their woof of the infinite. . . .

On a night like this you may make some irrelevant observations, too. . . . There is no wind in the quadrangle, but the little breezes chase each other up and down the vaulted arches of the entrances. . . . Afraid to come in. . . . You notice how the students walk. . . . No grass grows in the angles of the footpaths. . . . The philosophers of Athens lost something when they ceased being peripatetic. . . . What is the relation between walking and thinking, anyway? . . . A subject for a deep essay, there. . . . Perhaps the *Pilgrim* should be pictured in an easy chair . . . or a rocker?

Places like this have a curious and charming way of perpetuating customs of the past even though the peculiar circumstances which gave rise to the customs no longer exist. . . . They say that in Christ Church, Oxford, there were at one time, long ago, one hundred and one students and promptly at nine o'clock the bell in the tower would ring up the entire student body with a stroke for each. . . . The bell still rings one hundred and one times every night . . . and at nine o'clock. . . . But the nine o'clock curfew is history and the student body now numbers far more than the hundred and one. . . .

But we have almost lost our way in the mazes and moonlight of the quadrangle. . . . This one happens to belong to a school that stands for a towering religion. . . . And we suspect that the voices of the night, but barely audible now, are only the faint echoes of the voices of men who have gone out into the bypaths and highpaths of all the continents. . . . Crying out to men to come and buy without money and without price. . . . They walk the valleys of the world with the reflection of Judea's hilltops in their eyes. . . . Theirs is a cause that is never lost. . . .

This Thing Called Poetry

IT IS apparently inevitable that a month's reading picks up bits of fugitive verse which for one reason or another deserve recording. . . . There are fashions in poetry just as in feminine dress. . . . Somewhere during the past fortnight we ran across specimens of the verses which once were recited in the eighth grade on Friday afternoons. . . . Ready?

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Excursion. . . . The argument of lines like these, still to be heard in

pulpits that have forgotten God, has always fascinated us. . . . Holy Writ uses it properly—as an answer to the wondering questions of men concerning pain. . . . Here it is merely our old friend "Tu quoque" in thin disguise. . . . Ordinarily this approach is used only as the last resort of a cornered adversary: "Don't yell at me! You are just as bad as I am." . . . Curiously enough, the same argument is supposed to be a source of comfort. . . . Has sorrow come? Are tears welling up? . . . Cheerio, the same thing has happened, is happening, and will happen to others. . . . Dubious comfort. . . .

But we were talking about poetry. . . . At commencement exercises fifty years ago no audience remained unmoved when Annabella, resplendent in white dress and pink ribbon, bravely recited (with hands thrown upward and outward at the fifth line). . . .

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny's but four years old)—
So what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I took—oh, was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them."

Or

"Not for myself do I come here now;
I could suffer on, alone—
I come for my fatherless children,
Helpless and starving at home;
Starving because their father
For liquor sold his life.
Thank God for the Adair Liquor Law!
The friend of the drunkard's wife."

We no longer go in for that sort of thing. . . . Too naive. . . . Well, perhaps. . . . But have we made progress? . . . We pick up a volume by W. H. Auden, currently the bellwether of the younger English poets:

"But to see brave sent home
Hermetically sealed with shame
And cold's victorious wrestle
With mother metal.

A neutralizing peace
And an average disgrace
An honour to discover
For later other."

Yes, that is quoted correctly. . . . To say that that is an improvement over the verse in McGuffey's reader is to admit membership in the cult of the esoteric. . . . Or take something that makes sense but is full of the brave modern spirit which has been hailed as such an advance over "Be still, sad heart":

"Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar."

That mood will pass, too. . . . It is a strange thing with poetry. . . . The more we see of it, the more we believe that the heart of it lies in the words of Robert Lynd: "Ultimately the worth of poetry must be measured by its spiritual content. Only he who has come through some profound, soul-searing experience can write profoundly. All else is a skating on surfaces. With infinite grace the poet

may tell of things of beauty. But his readers will not be moved as they are moved when the urgent spirit of man is shown to them." . . . That's it. . . . Why, for example, are we always moved by the lines of Hilton Young, written toward the last days of 1914? . . . He was serving with the British Grand Fleet, and his memory journeyed to the downs of his native Wiltshire and the old town of Marlborough:

"I should not mind to die for them,
My own dear downs, my comrades true,
But that great heart of Bethlehem
He died for men He never knew.

And yet, I think, at Golgotha,
As Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
They saw with love most passionate
The village street at Nazareth."

That is the greatness of true simplicity and the simplicity of true greatness. . . . It cannot be converted into prose without almost total loss. . . . And that, perhaps, is the essence of poetry. . . .

Staff's End

WE NOTE with interest that the *Alembic* devotes some space to the temporary odyssey of a hearse in St. Louis a few weeks ago. . . . Which reminds us of the story Christopher Morley tells of the late gusty Don Marquis. . . . It appears that Don Marquis, sojourning in Hollywood, was suddenly taken ill with a heart attack, and it became urgent that he be taken to a hospital at once. . . . Since all the ambulances were in service, a hearse was sent to fetch him. . . . Morley tells the tale in the *Saturday Review:* "On the way, halted in a traffic jam, the hearse pulled up next to a smart little open roadster in which two frolicsome young women were gaily chattering. In the middle of their mirth they noticed the transparent chariot alongside; they piously withheld palaver, and glanced reverently through the glass panel where Don's burly figure lay decently composed under a blanket. At that moment he caught their gaze, and in spite of heartburn and syncope appalled them with a slow and magnificent wink. . . . Don always insisted that the damsels fell into a hysteric seizure, and as his carriage rolled away he saw them crash into someone else's car and attempt, with screams, to explain to a disbelieving policeman. 'I'll bet,' he used to add, 'they led better lives after that'." . . .

Somewhere we read that Americans like to build their triumphal arches of bricks—to have them handy when their heroes have fallen. . . . Which is not so far from the prize I-wish-I'd-said-that of the month: "A halo only has to slip a short distance to become a noose." . . .

Out in the gentle hills of southern New England, where once a city urchin first saw that trees are not planted in concrete and milk need not be in bottles, a group of writers begins a

rural weekly known as *The Connecticut Nutmeg*. . . . Rural weeklies are nothing new in New England, but this one happens to be published by a staff that includes Heywood Broun, Gene Tunney, Ursula Parrott, Quentin Reynolds, and Jack Pegler. . . . The journal, begun as a lark, threatens now to become a Frankenstein monster. . . . It has already begun to bog down under the weight of a success measured by advertisements, a growing subscription list, and heavy mail. . . . THE CRESSET welcomes the *Nutmeg*—and warns it against success....

Whenever civilization hangs on the thin edge of horror, there ensues a frantic searching of hearts for the causes which have brought it there. . . . Sooner or later the system under which the generation in power has been trained comes in for scrutiny, and the so-called educational world enters a period of flux and reflux, of blasts and counterblasts, of argument and rebuttal. . . . The president of the University of Chicago throws off his overcoat, reveals the cassock of Thomas Aquinas—and his School of Education screams bloody murder. . . . We are distinctly an amateur in the occult science called "Education," but we do believe that once a year everyone concerned with its problems should be compelled by law to read Newman's *Idea of a University*. . . . Columbia and Chicago have forgotten passages like this: "Knowledge is one thing, virtue is another. . . . Philosophy, however enlightened, however profound, gives no command over the passions, no influential motives, no vivifying principles. . . . Quarry the granite rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk; then may you hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man." . . .

Quercus in the *SRL* notes with pleasure that two thousand years ago, in the tenth satire of the first book, Horace calls a contemporary a "louse" (cimex). . . . In twenty centuries we have not found a new name . . . for people who borrow books and don't return them. . . .

The years had been good and bad—and at the end of the road stood the church of her childhood—

THE ROAD

A Story by RICKA KLEIN REETZ

SHE remembered traveling across it with her father as a little girl. He had been a small town lawyer. He had driven a wide, white horse and a surrey with a fringe around the top. With him, often, she watched the road stretch ahead peacefully, lazily, a brown ribbon through a quiet wood, with hills in the distance and a sky that held only promise. She was four then, going on five.

Now she was sixty. She took her foot off the accelerator of the smart coupe. Somehow it didn't seem so long ago. Somehow it seemed that she should still be able to reach back, take that small girl by a pudgy hand and say, "Travel carefully across the road. It looks smooth and kind, but there are unexpected hurts around the corners, shadows among the trees, and a cloud so quickly blots out the sun." She sighed loudly. And the man beside her sat up with a little jerk.

"Where are we?" he asked, readjusting his glasses. "Hmm, guess I've been asleep."

She didn't answer. She was watching for the tree, and now she saw it. It's smaller than I thought, her heart whispered, and only half of it looks alive. But the roots still ran jaggedly into the ground around it. She didn't know what kind of tree it was, but without effort she could still see her father pointing it out with his black buggy whip. As though he sat beside her now, she could see his black moustache twitch while he said, "Now we're half way."

Half way to where? From where? Her brows, ashy now instead of fair, drew together. Where were they going on those occasions when they jogged along this road? From—home, of course. But to—where? She swerved the car sharply as a squirrel scuttled unafraid before it. After all—it didn't matter now where they had gone. It was so long ago that one place was as important, or unimportant, as another. But the pleasure

of the memory was sweet. What was that radio-tortured song echoing through her mind ever since she hit this road? Oh, yes—Thanks For the Memory. She could so easily hear her stern, yet wonderful father almost wistfully recount scenes from his boyhood! She could even now capture the cozy thought of home and her mother, in the background! It was odd how she happened on this road today, so casually and unexpectedly. Odd, indeed, a little like fate, as though some definite plan lay behind it.

A restless cough reached her from the man at her side, and she looked at him almost strangely. He was her husband. Just recently a rapidly dwindling group of old friends had come to help them celebrate their thirtieth wedding anniversary. Thirty years! And through all that time, often, she had felt as though she was still a little girl dreaming of her life and her man as something before, and not behind her. Had she married the right man? Had she lived her life as it should have been lived? She hoped so! Usually she even thought so. But today, on this road, it seemed there was something of which she hadn't been quite conscious—the real purpose of being alive, of loving and being loved—some worthwhile reason for her existence—! Something she knew but didn't think about concretely enough!

"Why don't you drive faster?" the man muttered, half asleep.

"I'm tired," she answered. "I don't feel like rushing."

"Want me to take over?" He was sitting up now and peering about nearsightedly.

"No," she answered quickly.

He would drive too fast. She wasn't tired the way he thought. She was sixty. She was back on the road of her childhood, and she wanted to go slowly, slowly, because there weren't sixty more years ahead. That was one thing she could be sure about even in 1938. And she was glad so much time was behind her. It was a good thing, she reflected, that at four, going on five, one didn't know how tired one could be at sixty.

The car gradually climbed a long hill. The drop was just beyond. She knew it before she made the turn and saw it, although she hadn't thought about it for years. It was like the unrolling of a new film, with the details registered on her brain before her eyes snapped them.

She looked closely and saw the bottom of the hill from the top, but she couldn't see around the curve in the middle. She put her foot on the brake and coasted carefully. She thought the hill was like life. You stood at the beginning and looked at some distant objective as the culmination, hardly knowing what. You didn't see the curves. You didn't want to. You knew it couldn't be a smooth sweep all the way, but you didn't want to think about the rough spots. You didn't realize that perhaps life hadn't

equipped you with good brakes for all the quirks and turns. You often hit the curves much too fast, too thoughtlessly.

Like when Bill lost his money. They hit that curve hard. They even laughed about it. They didn't know that when they stopped sliding there'd be bruises from which they'd never recover. They lost their home. The memory made her wince. She couldn't help but love it still: they had planned it all so carefully! Their home—but someone else lived in it. Someone else locked the doors at night, and Bill and she were outside. The hurt lingered harshly. But—they treated it all as a glorious experience, especially the way they pulled themselves out of their slump, both working again and saying a bit melodramatically, "The show must go on."

And it did go on. Only not with the same rhythm and sureness. She was slightly old to pick up the law practice she had dropped so unconcernedly to be the wife of a clever engineer. It took them almost two years to learn that they had grown out of things during their affluent years and that there was a big crop of engineers every spring, flooding the building world, even as there were good lawyers, much more capable than she. But they were undaunted. They thought their years of experience would offset the better, newer training of the youngsters. They climbed back up. On occasion they grinned and clinked glasses to celebrate their resourcefulness. Or perhaps just to celebrate. Today, on the old road, she began to think that maybe they'd just been lucky to pull out as well as they did before their old age.

Or what was it that gnawed so persistently at some inner core of her today? Was there, after all, a carefully delineated direction to their lives—to everybody's life? Something they didn't think about? A going along according to a route written in the stars rather than something formulated and decided while light bills ran up at night?

It was definitely a new thought, like finding an unusual stranger on a familiar doorstep. It bothered her more than a little. She knew it would continue to bother her until somehow she had the answer.

"I wonder," she mused aloud, and Bill mumbled, "Wonder what?" But she felt he wasn't expecting an answer. Bill was ten years older than she. Surely he must be that much more tired, too.

"Yes, I wonder," her mind went on. Like stumbling back on this road. Why, she hadn't even thought about it for ages! She knew she hadn't. Bill had brought home the road maps and auto club directions and outlined the entire trip in his unassuming, methodical manner. He had left nothing for her to do except buy some new clothes and build up her own amount of anticipation as to how nice or restful it might be to take a long trip all across the country. The old road, and

the fact that she lived around here as a child, never occurred to her until she nosed the car into it today, on their way home.

She compared it now with a road of her more recent acquaintance, the one between Laredo and Monterey. A new road, flanked by an ancient people. A ragged fledgling of a road, with aged and youthful faces staring in bewilderment and admiration at a winding gateway to an outer world. How far they had traveled to see that new road! How irksome it became as they jolted over it! How close this old road was to home! How peaceful!

Bill jostled her arm, trying to make himself more comfortable. Good old Bill. She felt they still misunderstood each other about this trip. She thought he wanted it, and he thought she did. Well, anyway, they finally saw all the things that had made trip conversation for them for years: the oil wells in Texas and Oklahoma; flowering cactus; the mountains in Colorado and Virginia; the difference and sameness of hospitality in both places; the palms in California and Florida; the limitless stretches of white sand and blue water.

She recalled Miami, then, and the road down, down to Key West. It was like a dropping away from the rest of the world. And the bridge—a road defying the great Atlantic, across to derelict Key West. That bridge reminded her of an old story about a young man who dreamed of a stairway to heaven. She wished she would have a dream like that. She looked at the misty gray bouquets of clouds. She pursed her lips. Heaven! What was it like? She saw her father's face outlined in a majestic cloud, and in a soft one beside it she fancied she saw her mother. Of course they still lived! Her mother had died at fifty-eight, her father when he was sixty-six. She was just betwixt and between those ages. She smiled at the clouds. She didn't know how it would be, but she felt they would welcome her when she came. Unconsciously she speeded up the car a bit, as though to hurry to them.

Then her eyes, her mind, wandered back to the old road. After their long trip, this was something she really wanted to see. Something she hadn't remembered, and still wouldn't ever forget.

Was that the way life was, too? The way it began, a planned or unplanned adventure, the way it ebbed along? The way it finally ended—and one couldn't help wondering why sometimes, and wherefore, and by what inspiration? She shook her head, impatiently. She wished that whatever it was that continued to bother her inside, would come out in the open so she could see it clearly, understand it.

At the bottom of the long hill the valley spread its summer harvest proudly. There was the fresh, clean smell of earth in the air. The perfume she was in the habit of dabbing behind her ears was unnatural here, unnecessary. This was real. This old

road. This valley. Life in its simplicity. Bill and she.

But—was that all? Did life, after all, never amount to very much? Today, on this familiar road, there was a definite lack of worthwhileness in her mind. Was something missing? Something tender and vital and—nostalgic? Was it the absence of children in their lives? She didn't think so, even though she and Bill still felt the want of children so keenly. She had lost two, and after that the doctors drew a sharp downward line on that graph of their lives. It was one of the curves in their road they didn't think much about until they swung around it. They didn't know until afterward that their brakes were too weak for it, that the going would never be as before.

"Why is it that all the things we've done, don't seem important today, Bill?"

She spoke softly, and Bill, whose hearing was getting worse and worse, grunted something unintelligible, and she didn't repeat her question. But it persisted in her mind as she crossed a shallow stream and the loose boards of a wooden bridge rattled under the car. She smiled. After fifty-five years it seemed the sound was exactly the same!

A treed area just beyond the bridge brought dusk along swiftly. She looked at the clock on the dash. Just six. But to look at the clock was needless. From a country church came the mellow ringing of a bell, marking the approach of sunset. The church—why, of course! She remembered it. At least the spot. She remembered how her father used to watch for church steeples. They were dependable markings for him. Let's see now, her thoughts ran on, the church was boxy, with an unpretentious spire, and a rooster weather vane at the peak. It had been frame, of course, but never in need of paint. This had been that kind of a community!

She was a little surprised, then, when she wound out of the stretch of wood, to see that a new, red brick building replaced the small frame church of the time when she was four, going on five. She resented its newness in this old picture, and then realized she was being old-fashioned. But this road was yesterday. It shouldn't be cluttered with today. It would still be yesterday tomorrow.

"Aren't we ever going to get where we're going?" asked Bill sharply. The church bell startled him, it seemed.

"But where are we going, Bill?" she asked slowly.

They were just in front of the church, and the bell rang loudly, and Bill didn't hear her. He slid down again in his seat, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and she went on with her remembering.

Yes, where were they going? Where had they ever been going? From the very beginning, when they started out—from the time when she traveled along this road with her

father—where had she been going? Why, to—today, to now! To this very moment! To being sixty years old! To being very, very tired!

Was that all there was to it, then? Just a being born, growing up, working year after year, and approaching that certain absolute stopping-point called dying? Again she shook her head to make her groping thoughts strike anchorage. And again her thoughts drifted on.

There had been so much effort between five and sixty. To what end, to what purpose? Bill and she—clinging together in a garden; saying solemnly, I do. Bill and she crying a little because they couldn't have children; and going laughingly on when much of the world was too heart-sick even to try. And now, at sixty, she saw how undistinguished that was. She saw that it was anybody's portrait of the past.

There had to be something more to weave into a life-time than just fleeting, surface things like that!

The church bell was quiet. She leaned forward and looked into the rear-view mirror and saw the church against a blaze of sun. Like an illumination. Like an answer to her questions. At sixty, and even long before, was that the answer? The things that church stood for? She felt a little tingle through her body, as though that nagging something, jumping about the furrows of her brain, would slip into a permanent groove now.

The road dipped sharply, and the picture was gone out of the mirror. With it the sun seemed to disappear just as quickly, and the air grew chilly. She shivered and turned up the window at her elbow and stepped hard on the gas. Bill sat up and looked about curiously. His hair was white, his shoulders stooped. She saw that he might have shaved more closely that morning. She wondered suddenly if she looked as old to him as he did to her.

"Where in the world have you been all afternoon?" he asked.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

He yawned widely. "Sleeping, I guess. Dreaming."

"So have I."

Night dropped around them rapidly. It was hushed and quiet with country sounds. There was no roar and tear to spoil its beauty. Somehow, she thought, it belonged to the road, covering it with velvety peace and serenity. The road—she couldn't see far now, but her thoughts traveled back along it. Back along her life. Inch by inch. Year by year. From the time of her father and mother to now. From four, going on five, to sixty.

Slowly she began to relax. In the darkness, plainly, a well-ordered picture was taking shape. The half-way tree, the hill, up and down, the valley, the bridge to the other side of the brook, the church. Her life began on this road. She had unintentionally come back today to remember that everything that started had to stop.

Even the road. Working and loving. Life. Bill and she!

Everything? No, not quite—everything. There was certainly something bright at the end of the things that stopped. Bright—for all the world to see. But only a few saw it, because their eyes were prematurely dimmed by looking too long at things that left them blind to the real brightness—like the red brick church against the sun. The church and what it stood for. That was the one, and after all, the only real purpose of living and loving and dying. Her father called church dependable. On the road it stood out solidly. Something new that could never be old. Something old that would always be new. Something that hadn't changed except to become more permanent, more worthwhile between five and sixty.

She saw a star just above Bill's slumped hat. It wasn't difficult tonight to imagine a stairway to the sky, a road to heaven. She was far up that stairway, almost at the end of the road. She sighed contentedly. That was the thing at sixty. It was all there ever had been, only at sixty it was much more tangibly important. For years she had traveled far and long, yet all of her life stretched along a single, narrow road.

A single, narrow road! She was glad there was only one—and that it was narrow. In her simple way she thought, as she skimmed the years, that she had lived the right kind of a life. She had worked hard, she had loved unfalteringly, she had grown old gracefully. But she knew today that none of that mattered. It would count for less than nothing if she had been traveling over the wrong road of life toward its end, if it were the wide road, instead of the uncrowded, narrow one, like this one of her youth. The culmination of life and living was in that bright glow in her mind. Anyone at sixty, without it, and long before, was perhaps without purpose of living. It seemed now she understood many things that had eluded her before. She understood that knowing how to die was the best thing any life ever held. It was the only thing!

Yes, she was sixty. She hadn't ever thought about church—about the narrow road—exactly like that before. She raised her eyes again to the star above Bill's hat, to all that softness up there that people called Heaven. She was grateful for what she had learned today, or—if she knew it before—she was deeply grateful that the road of her childhood had made her remember!

return from the cemetery: who has ever seen a hearse traveling at a rate today regarded as moderate in a motor car—say forty-five miles per hour? The thing isn't being done.

Except on some rare occasions when all the conditions are propitious for speed. The existential moment came to a hearse in the undertaking establishment of a certain Charles Gates, on Finney Avenue in St. Louis. At one o'clock in the morning of June 22, 1938, night owls waiting for a bus in that vicinity would have seen a huge and shiny black car pass them at a terrific rate, so fast that only a quick eye would have identified this monstrous projectile as a hearse. Traffic policemen said it was driven at a rate of seventy-five miles per hour by a negro, who told the Sergeant a little later that he lived next door to the undertaking establishment and, when under the influence of liquor, had taken out the hearse for a joy ride. Next day, the Circuit Attorney's office, devoid of all respect for the fascinating psychological and mathematical problems involved, issues a warrant charging George Shobe (let us preserve the name of the colored boy who saw the possibilities of a hearse) with "feloniously operating a motor vehicle without the consent of the owner." Thus is the entire machinery of justice geared up to thwart the high originality of exceptional minds.

As a spectacle, the hearse propelled by George Shobe at a rate of seventy-five miles an hour on a city street did not achieve distinction because of the lateness of the hour and the low visibility of our ill-lighted St. Louis streets. What would not the same type of vehicle have been, in the way of a spectacle, moving at the same rate in broad daylight through an open countryside? Yet this is what some of our more highly favored contemporaries, less than ten years ago, were able to see on the plains of Kansas. The Indian residents of Southern Kansas had become rich through the discovery of oil on their holdings. There were Chief Hail-In-The-Ear and his wedded wife, Mrs. Tim-Tum-Bah, receiving checks way up in the ten thousands once a month on their leases, a thousand times more money than they would ever know what to do with. Our Chief goes to town and looks for something to buy. He goes to the automobile agency but utters only a guttural grunt when shown the standard models—models good enough for the Winfield citizenship, but far from satisfying to the millionaire Indian. He looks at a catalogue, and as the last pages are reached, he betrays a sudden interest. "There, that's sump'in." "But that is a hearse," says the agent and explains the use for which that kind of car is intended. Nevertheless, here was the most expensive car in the year's offerings—and so the eleven thousand dollars change hands, and Lo, the poor Indian, a week later, drives a magnificent hearse as a

family car. A day later he comes to town—as he did often thereafter—driving at a speed of eighty miles an hour—Big Buck Injun on the driver's seat, and behind him, their legs folded under them as they sit on the floor of the hearse, the squaw and her progeny of six, viewing the landscape through the four glass walls as it reels by. The arrival at the town square in Winfield of this vehicle, with its occupants, was one of the events which characterize this period of the American West as like unto no other epoch in the history of mankind.

Nothing but empty closets represents the philosophical assets of the late Clarence Darrow. In his day, probably the most malignant opponent of religion in America, some of us still believed that possibly some profound acquaintance with philosophical problems, a comprehension of their insoluble nature, was behind his scepticism and caused him to doubt all religious truth. Now that his library has been offered for sale, we understand the second-hand nature of the prejudices which made Darrow an atheist. It is pitiful. There are a few moderns like H. L. Mencken and Havelock Ellis, masters of the English essay, but certainly not philosophers. Then a raft of sceptical and agnostic writers who flourished in the days before open plumbing. Nietzsche and Tolstoy, not to mention Karl Marx, David Hume, and Voltaire. Darrow's friend, the book dealer Kroch, announces that these works, together with disquisitions on Darwinism, "had a vital place in his collection." Then there was Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough.* Of this treatise, Kroch related, Darrow said to him, "Seventy-five per cent of all my knowledge was gained from that work."

Frazer's twelve volume work on anthropology is today considered one of the most monumental records of research based on a fundamental error. The new anthropology has said "thumbs down" on Frazer's entire scheme since it ignores certain fundamental facts in the history of culture, being carried away by the evolutionistic will-o-the-wisp. And from this farrago of malassociated facts, Darrow gained seventy-five per cent of all his knowledge.

Simply because Clarence Darrow was a great criminal lawyer, his attacks on Christianity and the church were received with respect, if not with acclaim, by a portion of our university youth. We have a habit in this country of expecting a man who has made good in any specialized occupation, to become a kind of cross between the Delphic oracle and the *Encyclopedia Britannica.* People had a vague understanding of Prof. Albert Einstein's achievements in the field of physics. That is the reason why, on his first New York visit, he was asked to give his opinion on world peace, Zionism, New York

architecture, Freud, feminism, the operation of the Stock Exchange act, and how to raise dahlias.

Clarence Darrow knew less of modern science and philosophy, of that we are now convinced, than the average college instructor in these branches, but his success as a criminal lawyer made his word an oracle, no matter what the subject, to many Americans who would not make the mistake of going to their barber with a problem in bookkeeping or to a professor of astronomy with an infected molar. The tendency to accept the opinion of prominent men who speak outside of their department is one of the chief shortcomings of the so-called "educated" class in our country.

The end of evening may be beautiful though it does not reflect the Sierras in Lake Tahoe, or the Canadian peaks in Emerald Lake. You should see the magnolias in bloom on some Mobile road, early in the year. You must go down Natchez way, I am told, if you want to see magnolias in their true patriarchal stature. From experience I know that it is worth going down to lower Alabama just to see them bloom —and to breathe them, if one does not fall down in an ecstasy of perfumed saturation. Amid their varnished dark green leaves, it is the creamy magnolia blossom that alone lightens up the rather sombre recesses of the great trees. They brood so jealously and umbrageously over their chosen ground that under a big magnolia tree not one spear of grass will grow. One can't have everything. But one evening I saw one of these giants glowing as by an inner light as the blossoms unfolded, and a mocking bird sang in a tree close by.

Then there are our own Missouri Ozarks. There is many a view that does not encompass towering peaks, mountain water falls, the magic of the desert, but simply the gentle swells of the Ozark up-lift, extending to the edge of the horizon,

> Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles
> Miles and miles,—

the sinking sun flooding a world drunk with vivid color. Buttercups sweeping the ground with gold, and grass knee-deep in sweet william. Lazily waving sea of treetops billowing in the valley below, and somewhere the insistent notes of a brawling branch tumbling down a rocky decline. In the distance a dog barks, and across the hills a lowing of cows drifts in drowsy reminder that the sun is sloping toward the west. Summer evening in the Ozarks!

Almost got you that time, did it? It almost got me. You see, those Alabama and Ozark vistas, those magnolias and buttercups, my dears, are simply escape mechanism. I have been reading a Canadian Pacific folder of Yoho Valley and Lake Louise.

MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Some Thought Is Given To The Feud Declared By THE ALEMBIC And To A Letter By Herbert D. Bruening.

Your commentator on music and musicians has been devoting much thought and a great deal of painstaking study to an absorbingly interesting letter which was published in the June issue of THE CRESSET. Herbert D. Bruening, the author of the frankly worded communication, evidently does not believe that Johann Sebastian Bach was a composer of ideally appropriate church music.

Then there is *The Alembic.* My good friend, Dr. Theodore Graebner, maintains that "the slow part of the *Rhapsody in Blue*" is "the loveliest strain of rhythm in all modern music." He asks, "If there is anything more poignantly descriptive of the modern mood than that andante movement, anything more appealing to the ear than the *R. in B.,* what is it?" And he adds another challenging question. "Or what," he writes, "is wrong with some of us for falling in love with it?" Furthermore, Dr. Graebner seems to imagine that "by and by we shall be told that the *Adagio* in Tchaikovsky's *Fourth Symphony* is artificial, that *Tea for Two* is tripe, and that the *Grand Canyon Suite* is also a potboiler (besides being mostly stolen)."

As I ponder Mr. Bruening's conclusions regarding the sacred music of Bach, and as I reflect on the views and the questions propounded by *The Alembic,* there comes to my mind an exceedingly thought-provoking pronouncement which was made years ago by the agile-witted Anatole France. "Every work of poetry or art," declared the sage French critic, "has been in all ages the subject of disputes, and it is perhaps one of the great charms of beautiful things to remain questionable. And it is vain to deny that they are all, all questionable."

Music and Music Makers is glad that both Mr. Bruening and Dr. Graebner have given forthright expression to their convictions. The tonal art, let it be remembered, thrives on clashes of opinion. Those who have put forth time and effort to trace the beguilingly winding courses which the history and the development of music have pursued in days long since gone by, as well as in recent years, know that few things

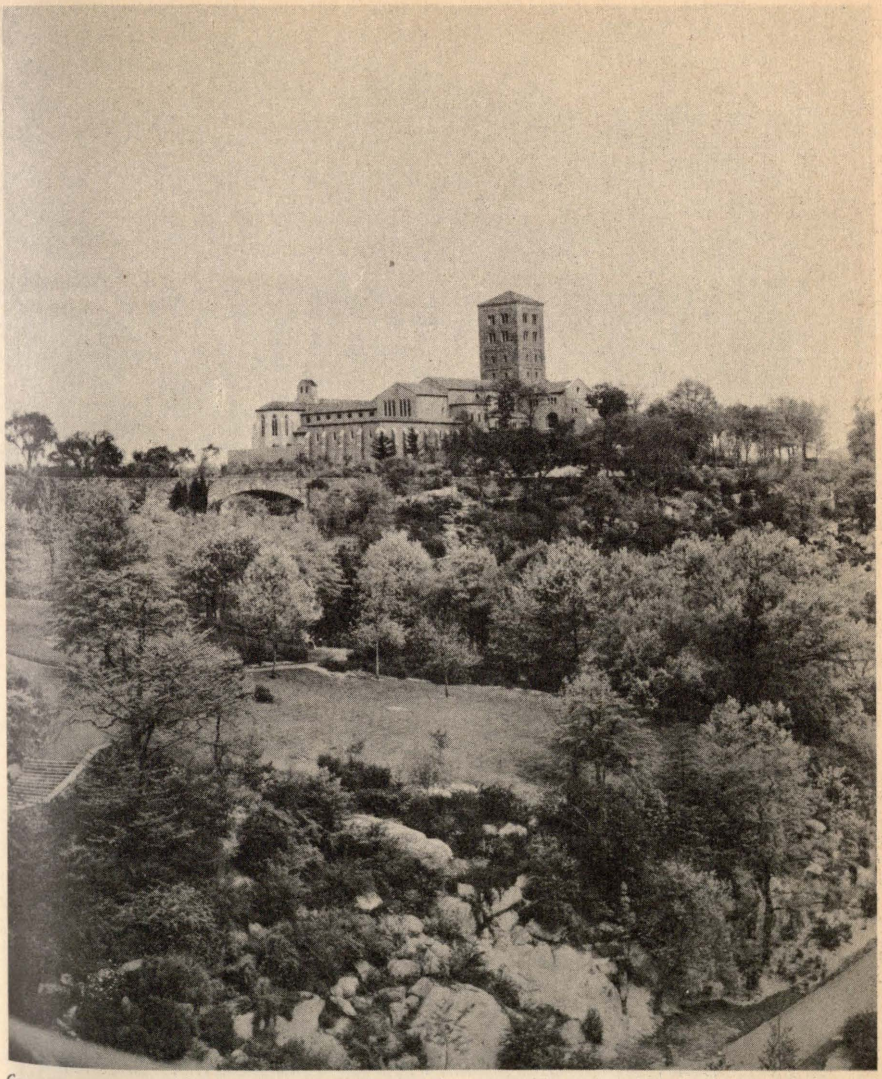
can be so potently conducive to the growth and the dissemination of the art as widespread discussion. We may agree with Olin Downes, music critic of the *New York Times,* who asserted somewhat vigorously in his Sunday article published on June 12, 1938, that "there is no question that a period of very pronounced decadence, probably the most retrogressive stage that music has known for hundreds of years, is upon us," or, like the author of this column, who realizes more keenly every day how feebly his own smattering of music continues to flicker amid the brilliantly lighted lamps which many other writers are able to hold aloft, we may cling to the belief that there are numerous signs portending a mighty flowering-forth of beauty; but whatever our convictions as to the present status of the art may be, we can rest assured that differences in views, frankly ventilated, stoutly defended, and robustly challenged, are worth ten thousand times more to music than the vain parroting of statements and conclusions sent out into the world by those who pose as authorities.

Powerful agencies, like the radio, the phonograph, and untrammeled discussions in books, in magazines, and in newspapers will afford more than one effective counterblast to the childish antics of those who dance gleefully about bonfires fed with important contributions to man's cultural heritage, who tear down statues of famous composers, who drive artists and creators into exile and penury, and who are naïve enough to imagine that an order or a commission—call it what you will—from the powers that will make it possible for some writer to bring into being a substitute for the gracefully charming music which the youthful Mendelssohn composed for Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Dictators, their cohorts, and their satellites may succeed marvelously in setting back the musical clock in the countries over which they hold sway; but we have every reason to be deeply grateful that in our own nation there are no governmental tentacles to strangle freedom out of creative effort in the domain of tone. Would it be going too far to venture the statement that the United States seems destined to become a vigorously active hotbed of surpassing interest and abounding beauty in the field of composition? Signs and portents are multiplying day by day, and one of them is to be found in the fact that men, women, and children in every walk of life are becoming increasingly "hot and bothered" about music and musicians.

A Critic's Mite

And now *Music and Music Makers* will proceed to contribute its mite to the game of tag which *The Alembic* has started.

Years ago, this commentator fell in love with the slow portion of

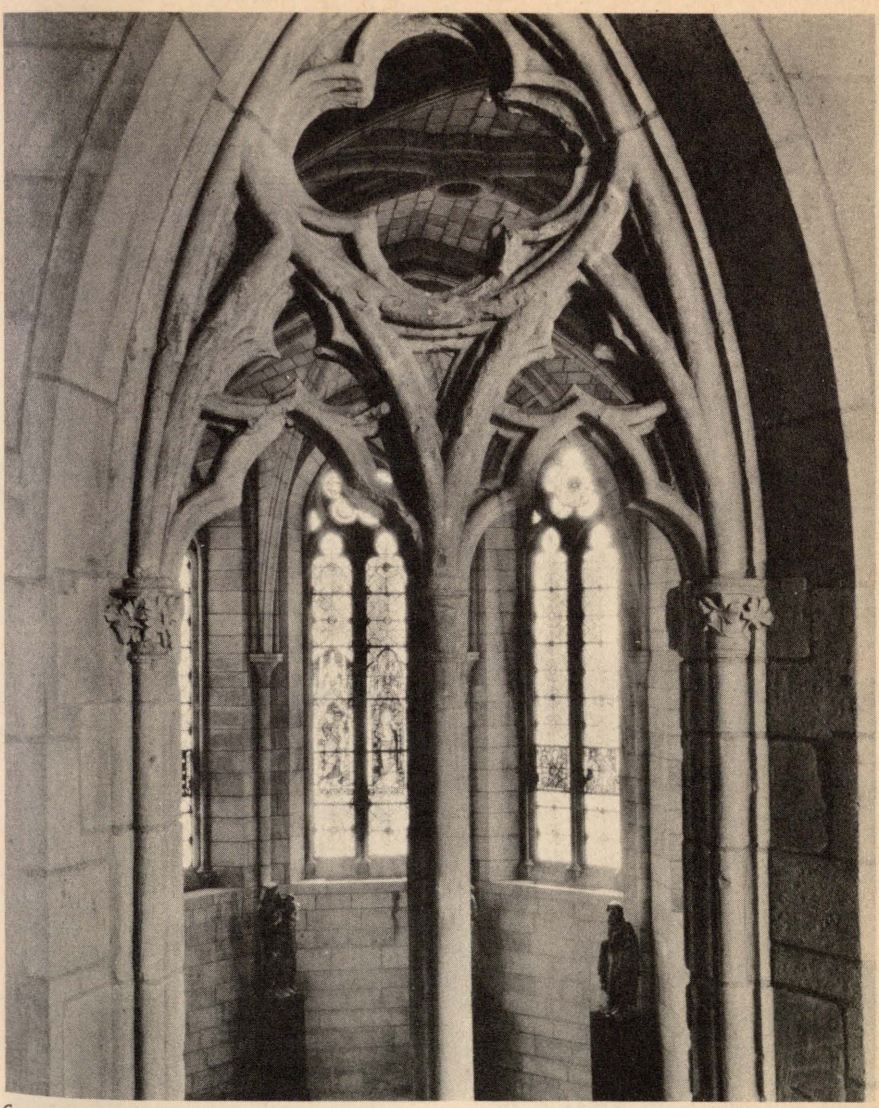


Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Cloisters was opened to the public on May 14, 1938, and THE CRESSET is happy to offer this glimpse into its stately beauty. It is a branch museum of mediaeval art and was made possible through the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. *The Cloisters* is in Fort Tryon Park, on a high hill, overlooking the Harlem and the Hudson Rivers.

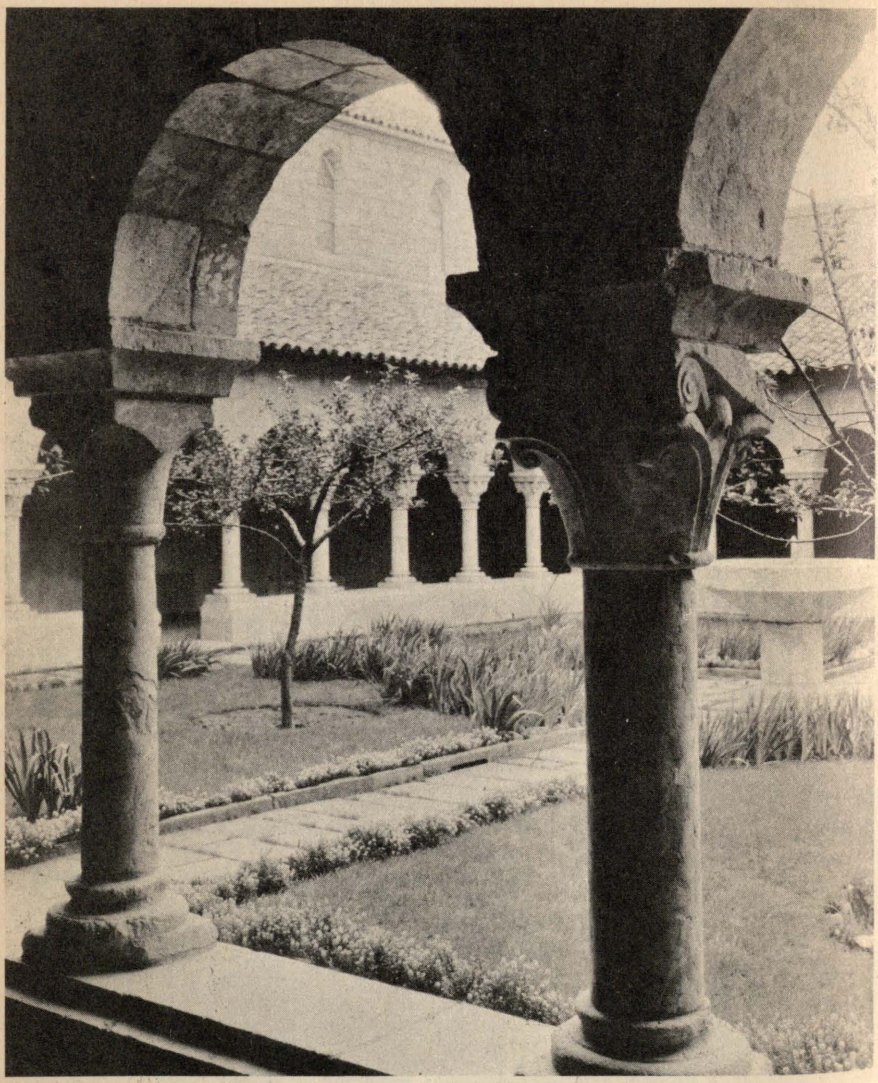
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The beauty of this new museum lies in the natural placement of these buildings, transported stone by stone from their original settings. This is the Chapter House from Notre Dame de Pontaut, a fine example of French architecture from the XII century. The view here is across the interior toward the Cuxa Cloister.



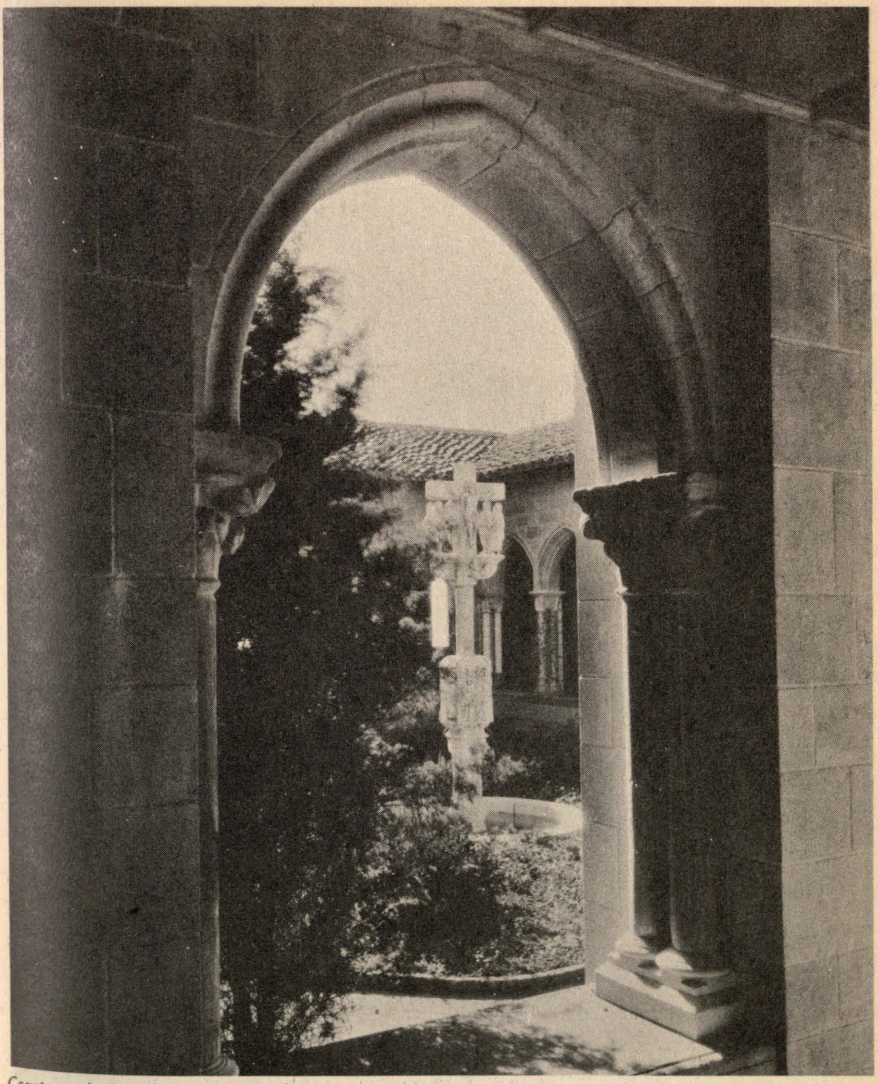
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Through an ancient window from La Tricherie (French XIII Century) the Gothic Chapel with its fine windows and statuary is to be seen. As much as possible, the stone work surrounding these architectural gems has been made to match the period from which the exhibit was taken.



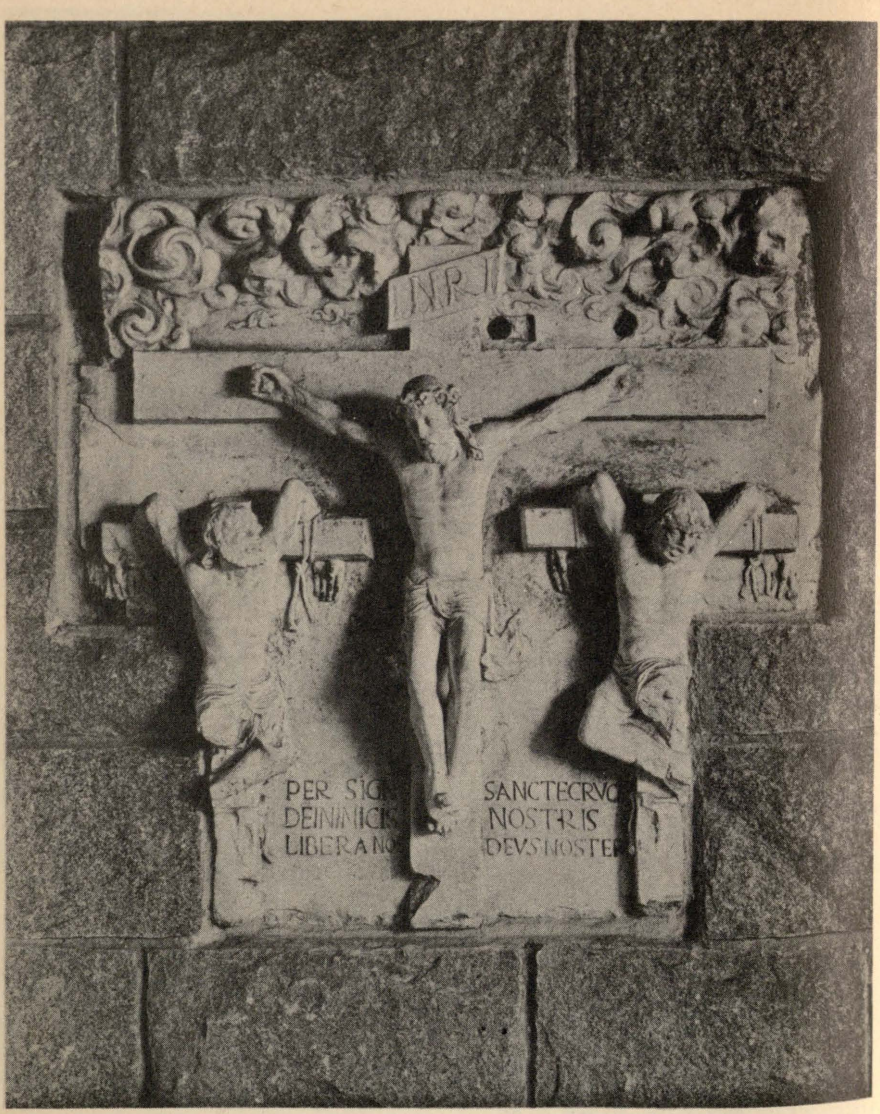
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The gardens, and the landscaping generally, match the lovely cloisters. This is the cloister from the Abbey of Saint Michel de Cuxa (French XII Century).



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A perfect mediaeval garden is seen through the arcade of the famed Trie Cloister. The stone crucifix and the figures in the garden are primitive but very expressive.

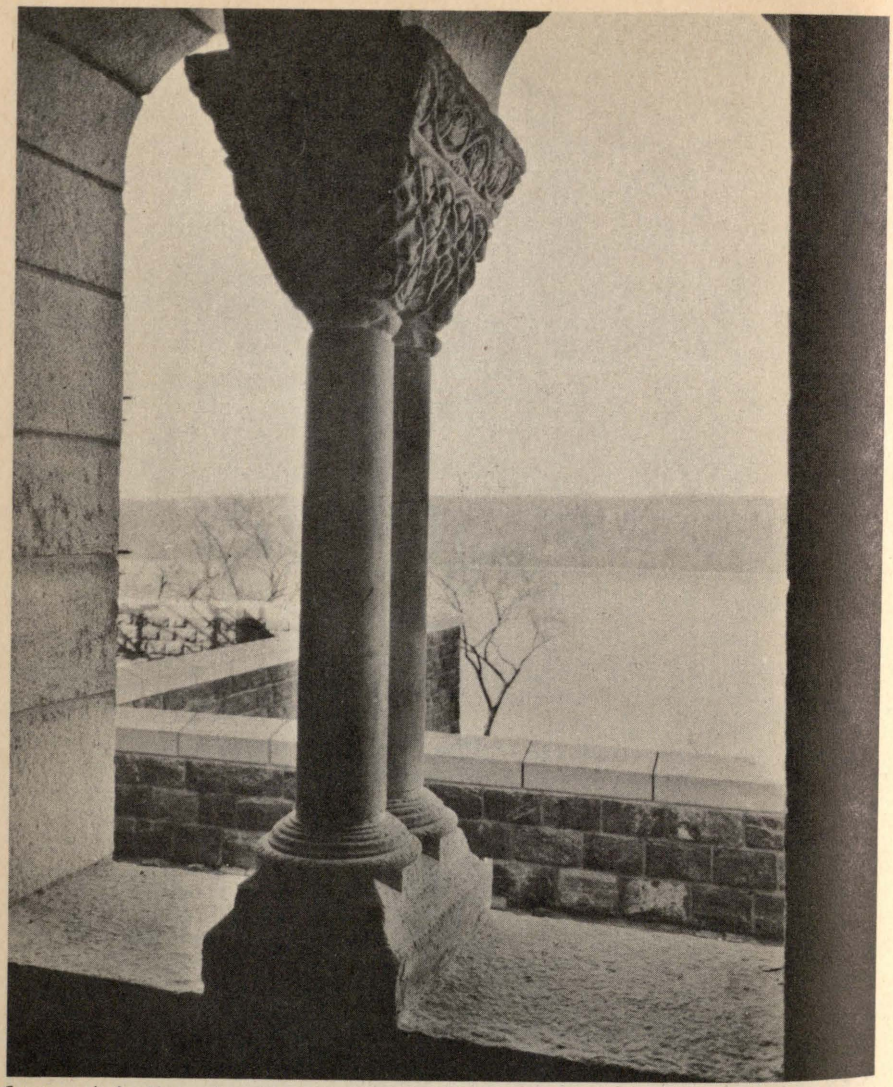


Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Crucifixion, from the Stations of the Cross, set into the walls of the Trie Cloister.

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The portal leading into the Romanesque Chapel comes from Moutiers Saint Jean in Burgundy. It dates from the XIII century.



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Peacefully, *The Cloisters* look across one of the world's most important rivers. Just to the south the great George Washington Bridge hangs between the cliffs of New York and New Jersey. In order to insure this ideal setting for the years to come Mr. Rockefeller also bought ten miles of the Palisades, across the Hudson, and gave them to the Interstate Park Commission. This view is from the window Saint Guilhem Cloister, built in France before 1206 A.D.

George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue.* But, thank fortune, it was not a blind love. It was, truth to tell, an affection which was noticeably weak in the knees. Your reviewer could never bring himself to believe that the beguiling little outpouring of melodic charm was the loveliest thing in the music of recent times, because he knew that in the works of other composers there are movements and moments that are infinitely more beautiful, infinitely more expressive, and infinitely more compelling than the delightful effusion of Mr. Gershwin. Dr. Graebner may be unwilling to go to that great and lonely master, Jan Sibelius, for something better; but *Music and Music Makers* pleads with him to listen again and again to the *Andante Mosso, Quasi Allegretto* and to the *Allegro Molto; Un Pochettino Largamente* of the mighty Finnish prophet's *Fifth Symphony* (Victor Album M-333). "There is not a sensuous note," wrote the learned Philip Hale, "not a single bid for immediate popularity; but there is something in the symphony that will be permanent." Will *The Alembic* venture to deny that the portions referred to are as high above Mr. Gershwin's titillating concoction as marble is above mud?

When Dr. Graebner speaks of the *Adagio* of Tchaikovsky's *Fourth Symphony,* he undoubtedly has in mind the *Andantino in Modo di Canzona.* No, this column does not look upon the movement as "artificial." It finds too much maudlin sentimentalism and too many evidences of psychoneuroticism in the works of Tchaikovsky to make it possible for it to regard the gifted Russian as one of the toweringly great masters; but for years your commentator has been contending that the second movement of the *Fourth Symphony* is one of the finest inspirations that ever came from the sadly afflicted composer's fertile pen.

Tea for Two, in the opinion of *Music and Music Makers,* is innocuous tripe, and the clever Ferdie Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite* appears to be heading for the last round-up with seven-mile boots. It is ingeniously and, in certain places, realistically scored; but compare its attempts at tone-painting with what a giant like Richard Wagner has done. Can one who is well versed in music escape the conclusion that, after all, Mr. Grofe's programmatic writing is sometimes decidedly crude in its effectiveness? When Dr. Graebner listens again to the portion of the suite labeled *Cloudburst,* I strongly urge him to think of Schubert's song, *Auf dem Wasser zu singen,* and of the grippingly descriptive and tastefully written introduction to Wagner's *Die Walkuere.* No, this is not meant to be a charge of plagiarism. But there may be more than one trace of subconscious imitation in *Cloudbursts. Music and Music Makers* does not intend to accuse Mr. Grofe of pilfering. To do so would be just

as rash as it would be to declare that Johannes Brahms purloined his *Vergebliches Staendchen* from one of Georg Philipp Telemann's engagingly melodious fantasies for the harpsichord (Columbia Album 326).

Sand in the Wheelwork?

As this column sees it, there are several large grains of sand in the wheelwork of the reasoning set forth in Mr. Bruening's interesting letter. Why, pray, should the dramatic elements which are found in such rich profusion in Bach's sacred works cause one to entertain misgivings about the master as a composer of ideally suitable church music? My own study of Gregorian Chant has convinced me that this time-honored and, at times, movingly beautiful mode of intoning words can often be intensely dramatic in character. The belief that Bach introduced in his sacred music ingredients that are not appropriate for use in the church service may, in the final analysis, be a matter of purely personal taste; but to contend, as Dr. A. Wismar does in his thought-provoking treatise on *The Common Service* in *Pro Ecclesia Lutherana,* p. 103, that the decided and distinctly modern character in most of the great composer's works makes him "decidedly and distinctly not ecclesiastical," is to indulge in reasoning which will not hold water. In many respects, Bach was far ahead of his time; but does this salient characteristic of a large number of his compositions render them altogether unsuitable for use in the church? It is undoubtedly true that the widow about whom I wrote in the April issue of THE CRESSET "sensed," as Mr. Bruening remarks, "in Bach's music a quality not strictly churchly;" but are we to be guided by *her* notions? *Music and Music Makers,* for one, is deeply grateful to Bach for having given us church music which is not hampered in its expressiveness by the obvious limitations of the Gregorian Chant.

As indicated before, this column believes that the deductions of Mr. Bruening and Dr. Wismar will do much to stimulate interest in the careful study of church music. They will lead us to wonder whether Dr. Wilhelm Middelschulte hit the nail on the head when he wrote in *The Diapason* of April 1, 1935, that Bach's "fundamental conception of tone" was "instrumental," while that of Handel was "vocal." *Music and Music Makers* cannot wholeheartedly concur in such a dogmatically clear-cut distinction. The fact that many of Bach's masterpieces of sacred song are terrifyingly difficult and that all are wrought with dumbfounding technical skill does not necessarily imply that, at bottom, they are instrumental in conception. Neither can one demonstrate that Handel always had the voice in mind when he conceived of tone. It is downright absurd for Dr. Middelschulte or any one else to set down such a sweep-

ingly categorical pronouncement.

When Dr. Wismar declares in his article on *The Common Service* that "Wilhelm Middelschulte shows rather convincingly that the peerless Bach has furnished Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Wagner, not to mention lesser lights, with the materials they use so tellingly," and when he concludes that "this ought to mean that the music of the masters mentioned is really of the same genus with that of Bach," he is, as this commentator sees it, not interpreting the article of Dr. Middelschulte correctly. It is true that later writers learned much from Bach, and that Bach himself adumbrated and anticipated many subsequent developments in the art of composition; yet these facts do not prove that the works produced by some of the significant epigones of the master are "really of the same genus with his." Beethoven, Shumann, Brahms, and Wagner themselves contributed more than one original thing to music. While they imbibed and absorbed much of what Bach bequeathed to the world, they are as far removed from him as the East is from the West. This writer considers Dr. Wismar's reasoning highly specious.

Furthermore, *Music and Music Makers* finds it utterly impossible to go along with Dr. Wismar's views concerning the peroration of the *Matthaeuspassion.* Neither can it agree with the contention that "the music in which Bach clothes the words of our Lord at the Institution of the Lord's Supper in the *St. Matthew Passion,* beautiful as it is, certainly lacks the spirit of solemnity which ought to be inseparable from that blessed means of grace." Your commentator, who has listened dozens of times with bated breath to Bach's sublimely beautiful setting of the words of institution, cannot escape the conviction that it is grippingly and edifyingly solemn and impressive in its treatment. Here Bach seems to hark back, in more than one instance, to the Gregorian Chant; but, to the thinking of this writer, he has succeeded by the unfathomable alchemy of his transcendent genius in giving us something which is infinitely more expressive than anything the unmistakably circumscribed Gregorian Chant could ever hope to achieve. The music of the *Matthaeuspassion,* like many more of Bach's sacred compositions, is richly and beautifully programmatic, symbolical, and dramatic. It is the work of a man who was not only one of the world's most significant composers but also a devout child of God and who bore and continues to bear eloquent witness of the simple faith that filled his heart to overflowing. With it all, Bach had an admirable sense of what is fitting and proper for use in the church.

Nothing is farther, however, from the purpose of this department than an attempt to foist its own convictions on those that have the forbearance to plow through the column.

Books—some to be read—some to be pondered —some to be enjoyed—and some to be closed as soon as they are opened.

THE LITERARY SCENE

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

The Death of Grammar

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE. By Paul De Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1938. 342 pages. $3.00.

BOOKS—and some to be closed as soon as they are opened." The Literary Scene necessarily includes such, and by the law of averages we are bound to encounter such in our own reviewing. We would classify De Kruif's *The Fight for Life* as belonging to this category.

We can imagine the publisher's representative saying to the author: "Now you see what we want is something like your 'Microbe Hunters,' but a little different. These are bad times for a three dollar book and, to use the vernacular, we must pep-up these scientific subjects a little. Imagine, please, Mr. De Kruif, a radio commentator reporting on the transactions of a congress of obstetricians; better still, get his account as he is speaking from a mike in some well-lit room, you understand, in a maternity hospital. And don't neglect the field of venereal diseases, always good for the semi-scientific market. And go strong on the human interest factor in laboratory research, call nurses by their first names, and tell how the doctor holds a monkey when he drops picric acid into his nose. It really cannot be too realistic." Assuming that Mr. De Kruif had these instructions, *The Fight for Life* is the kind of book he would have written.

When I read a book on a scientific subject, I expect to recognize in the author either a scientist credited with some original research in his department, or at least an author who possesses the literary qualification for popularizing what he finds printed in the scientific magazines and text books. Not once in twenty-five years would you find a combination of the two. But we demand at least one of these qualifications to hold our interest when we pick up a work such as this, which tells the story of efforts to make childbirth safe, of the campaigns against infantile paralysis and tuberculosis, and of the fight on the social diseases. Years ago De Kruif did some bacteriological studies on the cause of the common cold. He has since been a reporter, and a most capable and enthusiastic one, but he does not rank as a scientist in his own right. Neither has H. G. Wells done any work in biology, nor is Hendrick Van Loon recognized as a great artist of the present age. But Wells and Van Loon can write. We may be exasperated with what they write, but in all conscience, they can write. Paul De Kruif's style, on the other hand, is a combination of the radio announcer's hurried comment upon a political convention and of the lucubrations one expects to hear at a bull session of medical students in their dormitory. Here are samples from

his book selected at random (the italics our own). On the first page, the third sentence reads: *"It was* only during the past year *that* it became possible to rewrite them around the central theme *that* the death fight has become the whole people's fight for life." This "it is" construction with its subsequent hardships is common throughout the book. Or on page 49: "Now, against her doctor's advice, she had *risked the coming* of a second child. *Now again it was no go."* On page 95 we read three consecutive sentences like this: "That's what makes these young birth-helpers prophetic of a sterner future art of healing. Their system is the extreme opposite of dishonest. Under its discipline there is no chance to fool yourself or to pass the buck to other doctors or to pass the buck to God." ("That's what"; a noun in apposition to an adjective; "fool yourself"; and "pass the buck";—shades of Meiklejohn, Woolley, Alfred Ayres!) Next behold this on page 179: "Between different animals and different diseases the very opposite result is the one most likely to happen." We shall pass by the theology of De Kruif's statement on page 48: " 'In sorrow shalt thou bring forth thy children.' That was the Bible's dictum, that was its cruel science"; others may think as they please about his characterization of birth pains as "that last supreme example of man's inhumanity to woman"; but the seventh and lowest circle of the grammarian's Tartarus would be the lot assigned to Paul De Kruif, at least by this reviewer, for the crimes against diction committed in such sentences as this, occurring on page 48: "It is astounding how short a time our doctors have been at the job of even trying to fight this ages-old horror," or this, on page 321: "The unscientific secrecy imposed upon commercial science gave Long and Bliss no hint about how Hoerlein and his myrmidons had happened on to it." Wells and Van Loon would die rather than send sentences like that to the printer. Some books deserve to be closed as soon as they are opened, not because they make a journalistic stunt of the history of medicine, not because they offend against good taste, not because they expand into 342 pages what might well have been said on 150, but simply because they are written without sufficient consideration for certain fundamentals of good English style.

The pity of it is that Paul De Kruif can write, if he makes a serious attempt. Some of his earlier books are proof of that.

Public Enemies

PERSONS IN HIDING. By J. Edgar Hoover. Little, Brown and Co., Boston. 1938. 325 pages. $2.50.

CRIME stories hold a fascination for almost everybody except the unusually timid. Perhaps that is so because an occasional dose of vicarious terror and horror serves as an agreeable spice to our otherwise flat and uneventful lives. Such reading is also likely to give us a pleasant sense, by contrast, of our own snugness and security, especially when the doors are locked and the shades are down.

No other country in the world ripens so much crime as our own, and no man in our country is more intimately in touch with crime than J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the Department of Justice. What he writes in this book is therefore no guesswork. Hoover's name is known in every household, but some things which his close friend, Courtney Riley Cooper, tells in a Foreword, will be new to most of us: how Hoover became a member of the Department of Justice at the age of 22; how at 29 he was made Director of the Bureau of Investigation; how he rebuilt the Bureau, as to personnel and methods, along new lines; how he planned and trained his men for the demands which he knew the future would make on them; how, in

1933, when organized crime had reached the heights of insolence and federal intervention became necessary, the Bureau was ready to spring into action and quickly made itself a terror to the underworld.

But Hoover is not only a relentless hunter of criminals. He is an earnest student of the whole crime problem and holds that the prevention of crime is of far greater service to society than ferreting out criminals. From that viewpoint he has written his book.

It is no mere parade of crimes and criminals, though a motley crew of sinister shapes glides across the pages and plays the most varied roles from the repertoire of lawlessness. There is the Dillinger gang and the Barkers; Alvin Karpis and Doc Moran, the physician of gangland; Louis Piquett, the crooked lawyer who served the city of Chicago as prosecuting attorney and the underworld in other capacities; Kathryn Kelly, whose great sorrow in life was that she could not make a bigger criminal out of her cowardly husband; Gaston Means, one of *the* Meanses of Concord, N.C., who achieved super-rascality; Bill Dainard, who made a joke of the parole system, and Bla Bla, the Black Man, who flooded Europe with stolen American automobiles.

ALL these and others are presented after the manner of case studies. Their childhood surroundings, their early associations, their attitudes toward life, their gradual deflection into evil ways, their criminal careers, the workings of the retribution that overtook them—are set before the reader. The material is drawn from the files of the Bureau, which tirelessly gathers every possible shred of information about those whom it pursues. As one reads, one comes to see, not only how the dark patterns were woven into these twisted lives, but also what factors in our society helped in that weaving: foolish parents, venal politicians, crooked lawyers, sentimental sobsisters, an indifferent public. If one has thoughtfully read the book through and then read it a second time, as one well may, one is likely to have gained what Mr. Hoover tries to impart: some understanding of the influences in American life that make for the sowing, the cultivation, and the ripening of an appalling harvest of crime.

One reads, for instance, "In the case of all our Public Enemies, and I do not except a single instance, there is evidence that they have, time after time, been saved from law enforcement by some political fixer." Again, "The renegade attorney, more than any other agency, has made it possible for law infraction to gain a stranglehold on America." Or, "The greatest contributing agency to this (typical) youth's crime has been what he has learned or failed to learn during the formative years of his existence, when his future thoughts, his viewpoints, and his disposal as a good or bad member of society, were almost solely in the hands of his parents."

Hoover exposes various popular misconceptions regarding crime, e.g., that it is usually spawned by the slums, or by poverty; that it is due to "embitterment"; that it is the specialty of foreigners; that education is a cure; that kindness and leniency shown to hardened criminals work wonders; that one can spot criminals by their looks and that they cannot look honest people in the eye. He shows that many of the most desperate lawbreakers come from good American stock, were reared in quiet, church-going country communities, and had educational and other advantages that were above the average. Yet they developed the state of mind that leads to crime, and the causes and the course of that development can be traced.

The final aim of the book, however, is not to make a contribution to knowledge. Rather, it is Hoover's hope that he may awake his fellow-Americans to a clear understanding of the crime situation and that, understanding, they will do something about it. He feels that a definite im-

provement in conditions can take place only if the average citizen is aroused out of his present state of indifference and lethargy, so that he will make it his business to see to it that all possible safeguards are thrown about youth, that the factors fostering crime are given proper attention, and that he drive out the social hyenas who are in politics, who are members of the bar, or who otherwise aid and abet crime, helping criminals to escape punishment and turning them loose again on society through undeserved pardons and paroles.

Persons in Hiding is a book which every American should read with profit. The average cost of crime among us is estimated at $120 a person each year, and, as things are, a menace hangs over every American home. It does us no good to shut our eyes to these realities. If the reviewer had children in the adolescent age, he would have them read the book. You do not like to initiate your children into a knowledge of such sordid and brutal facts, did you say? Would you, then, rather have them go out, uninformed and unwarned, into a world that is beset with perils and pitfalls?

Anthropological Charlie McCarthy

THE CONQUEST OF CULTURE, How Man Invented His Way to Civilization. By M. D. C. Crawford. Greenberg, New York. 1938. 435 pages. $3.50.

A CROSS-SECTION of the history of the human race, not treated with reference to nationalities but with reference to such great elements in human civilization as fire, the cutting edge, the domestication of animals, textiles, the metals used in manufacture, and transportation. The author has an expert knowledge of textiles, and the chapter entitled, "Cloth—Its Social History," and the references to clothing in other chapters bespeak the author's mastery of this particular subject. However, his discussion of iron and the story of the steam railroad are also replete with fascinating detail.

Less felicitous are the chapters which contain the account of prehistoric stages in human civilization. Mr. Crawford treats these stages under the familiar subdivision into Stone Age, Iron Age, Bronze Age, as if they represented sequences in culture form, subhuman stages, when certain favored individuals by "grimace and imitative sounds, by gesture and pantomime, were able to convey coherent ideas to the less experienced group." "He was stubby and short, with curved shin bones, sloping brow, and thick skull, and perhaps quite hairy; with heavy jaw and a set of teeth meant for tough meat, he was no beauty. At times his lower jaw stuck out like an English bulldog's—prognathous (if you insist), and there was a ridge of bone under his assumedly shaggy eye-brows; he may have been able to pick up larger objects with his feet—altogether a creature most undesirable as an ancestor." Mr. Crawford is acquainted with anthropological texts and knows that the race here described "is not supposed to be a direct relative of ours." But the evolutionistic scheme runs through the entire narrative. In all this, the author does not write as an expert from first-hand investigation but as an entertaining and, let us add, very convincing Charlie McCarthy to the specialists who write anthropological textbooks. Moreover, Mr. Crawford is not a propagandist for evolutionism and does not fail to mention many trifling little facts which contradict the evolutionary thesis which characterizes the first half of the book. We are told that man originally used cutting tools made of stone; however, the natives of the Amazon, as recently as the Eighteenth Century, used axes made of a stone celt. Again, when the Spaniards came to Peru they found that weapons used by the people were made of

flint. Indeed, they had no technical factors "which rise above the earlier or lower phases of the Neolithic Age." This in spite of the fact that other achievements placed the Peruvians "among the great artistic nations of antiquity." Indeed, the nation produced some of the most perfect textile fabrics in the history of the world —and this while in other respects it was on the level of the Stone Age. Is it permissible to ask what right our anthropologists have to push back into the prehistoric millennia all those human remains which are found associated with the stone implements? In Peru the "Stone Age" ended only four hundred years ago. If this were a treatise instead of a review, we would undertake to show that in some parts of the earth the Stone Age is with us still.

Despite all this, we say that the author of the *Conquest of Culture* has no evolutionistic ax to grind: otherwise he would not represent the earliest known ancestors of our race as never living otherwise than in organized social groups. "Earliest" man successfully hunted tigers, elephants, and other powerful beasts. "The evidences of these hunts are indisputable." Mr. Crawford has seen in the University of Pennsylvania Museum the bust of Queen Shubad of ancient Chaldea and recognizes this masterpiece of the sculptor as "an utterly ravishing and a most sophisticated survival of a rich civilization." And this relic has been dated 4000 B.C. Go back another two thousand years, and in the soil of what is now Persia, "at the bottom of all other identifiable human remains," the excavators have discovered "a fine type of painted pottery."

Only once do we find that the author slips in his statement of facts (as distinguished from the evolutionistic scheme). Regarding the human foot he says that it "through ages of evolution, became adjusted to the weight of the man standing upright." Our anthropologists have not so simple an explanation for the origin of the human foot. In fact they have no explanation, since the human foot morphologically is very "ancient," being plantigrade like that of the bear. This makes man more ancient than the apes, whose feet, like those of most other mammals, if they have a common origin, could only have been derived from some unspecialized form after the type of the human foot. Add to this the fact that modern man has much more ape-like teeth than the Neanderthaler: and what becomes of the statement that man "through ages of evolution" came to stand upright?

If the reader, in search of interesting detail regarding the history of civilization, wishes to acquire "The Conquest of Culture," he will find himself repaid by reading the section where the author leaves speculation behind and begins to tell the story of civilization as it had its rise on the rivers of Egypt and Chaldea.

Streamlined History

THE HUNDRED YEARS. By Philip Guedalla. Doubleday Doran, New York. $3.00.

STREAMLINED history—and the result, we must confess, is intriguing. Philip Guedalla has chosen a very ingenious method of portraying the epochal events of the breath-taking hundred years that began with the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837. The author presents an able apology for his "modus operandi" in the introduction of the volume, stating that his object has not been to compress a century of European and American history into a single volume, but rather to describe its leading moments in serial form. "I have not tried to cover the whole area of the century with a complete and continuous chronicle of its crowded course," he says, "but rather to throw a light bridge of selected narrative across the chasm of a hundred years." And in this effort he has succeeded remarkably well.

The Hundred Years, of course, presupposes a background of considerable

historical knowledge on the part of the reader, and we do not doubt that the effect of Guedalla's book on the merely casual browser will leave him in a sort of mental daze. For this new departure in historical research is nothing if not swift-moving, and the author presents the leading events of the century in such rapid-fire succession that only the hardiest of spirits will not have to pause for breath once in a while in trying to keep up with Guedalla, lest he fall by the wayside in sheer exhaustion. Reading *The Hundred Years* gives one the sensation of hanging on to Guedalla's coattails for dear life while the author executes a dizzying, albeit skillful, hop-skip-and-jump from England to France to Germany to Russia to North America and back to England again (with an occasional detour to Italy and even—of all places—to Morocco). The fact that the "light bridge of selected narrative" which the author says he has thrown "across the chasm of a hundred years" is apparently a suspension bridge, the swaying of which sometimes gives one a sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach, only adds to the thrill of daring adventure one gets from leaning perilously far over the railing and peering into the yawning abyss below.

Guedalla has made his book read like a novel, and has sugar-coated the rather unpalatable pill of dry history in a manner that is at once unique and fascinating. *The Hundred Years* is a synthesis of expert historical research, brilliant analysis, and masterful rhetoric, to which is added a dash of intimacy that proves quite disarming. The author has the happy faculty of making the almost legendary figures of history—past and contemporary—leap out of the cold print and appear before the reader as real flesh-and-blood human beings, with all the weakness and foibles, the worries and fears, the hopes and ambitions, which characterize the rest of us.

Guedalla's method is to select the outstanding events of the century and treat them in separate chapters, giving them the necessary historical setting and intertwining them with the other significant occurrences and circumstances of contemporaneous history. The result is a historical mosaic of beautiful and intricate design, the component parts of which are the historical developments of the century which, in the author's estimation, wielded the greatest influence upon the destinies of mankind. Thus, for example, in dealing with the World War, he concentrates upon the collapse of Russia and the intervention of the United States—which he terms "events of more immediate significance to the contemporary world than the causal days of 1914."

MUCH of the action of *The Hundred Years* is laid in England, and justifiably so, for England played the leading role in that eventful century. The Victorian era was the age of British imperialism, the age of the intensely ambitious, intensely patriotic—and shall we say intensely selfish?—policy of territorial expansion which gave the self-satisfied sons of Albion the opportunity to boast that "the sun never sets on British soil" and moved them to assume an attitude of superiority toward the rest of the world, whose populations were dismissed as "lesser breeds without the law," and who were warned to

"Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns."

Thus, England is the setting for the opening scene of *The Hundred Years,* when, in 1837, a bewildered and frightened girl takes up the royal sceptre; and England is the setting for the closing scene, when, in 1936, a tired old man lays that same sceptre down. And between those two milestones many a famous character stalks across the stage—Albert, the Queen's beloved consort, and Disraeli, who in Victoria's mind "was *always* right," and Gladstone, in whom she "never could have the slightest *particle* of confidence," and Edward VII, who as Prince of Wales was the "glamor boy" of the Victorian era, and Joseph Chamberlain, sire of a famous

political family, and David Lloyd George, the brilliant war-time premier, and finally the fair-haired young Edward VIII, whose ill-starred romance was to set the world on its ear and bring his reign to such an abrupt and sensational end.

But England by no means occupies all of Guedalla's attention. The perennial Franco-German feud is depicted in a series of graphic scenes, notably the Prussian conquest of France in 1871 and the unification of Germany, the rise of Wilhelm II to the dizzy heights of power and prestige and the subsequent collapse of the highly-touted German Empire, to grovel beneath the heel of the vindictive French, and finally the resurgence of the new Germany under the spell of the fanaticism of a little Austrian house-painter who sports a funny hirsute adornment on his upper lip.

UNHAPPY Russia also comes in for its share of the historian's attention as he skilfully unwinds the tangled skein of its destiny and shows how the tragic rhythm of Russian history seemed to impose a fatal alternation of defeat in war and revolution at home. Russia, a clumsy giant, pitifully inept at handling its own internal affairs or at coping with its smaller but more astute neighbors, is portrayed as rushing headlong toward its inevitable doom, whilst the impotent and fatalistic Czar of all the Russias plays dominoes and sorts picture post-cards and the mad monk casts his hypnotic spell over the impressionable Czarina. What an ironic quirk of fate that the last of the Romanoffs might have escaped to the safety of England but for a siege of measles in the royal household just at the most inopportune time!

And the United States—oh, yes, a number of very interesting things happened on this side of the water during those same hundred years. Take, for example, the Van Buren Depression, the description of which sounds strangely familiar; or the opening up of the West; or the four years of gunfire and fratricide that a tragic generation paid as the ransom for the Union; or the "Square Deal" of the irrepressible T.R.; or the scholarly impracticality of the Princeton schoolmaster who was catapulted out of the classroom into the seething cauldron of international affairs just at the moment when they had reached the very acme of complexity, whilst to Mr. Roosevelt "the spectacle of Mr. Wilson's scholastic ferule directing the world's destinies was maddening beyond belief" since he would so dearly have loved to occupy the spotlight himself; and then at last the disastrous autumn days of 1929 and the bleak and crushing years that followed, paving the way for another Roosevelt to smile his way into the White House and to exorcise the latest depression (only temporarily, alas!) by the magic of his ingratiating personality and his incomparable radio technique.

Guedalla proves himself a master at character-delineation. Queen Victoria, Kaiser Wilhelm, Czar Nicholas, Woodrow Wilson—all these become intensely real to us as we page through *The Hundred Years*. Particularly fascinating is the author's knack of unearthing little-known incidents and showing their tremendous bearing upon the subsequent course of history—the abortive pact between the Kaiser and the Czar at Bjorko in 1905, the crafty German move in spiriting Lenin into Russia to facilitate the disintegration of the Czar's empire, and the strange relationship of the Reichstag fire with Nazi ambitions—just to cite a few examples. Incidentally, Guedalla's source material is well-documented and bears the ring of authenticity throughout.

We were not particularly pleased by the author's very obvious anti-German bias. His treatment of the unification of Germany is coldly unsympathetic and his description of Wilhelm II is brutally satirical, leaving the impression that here he has permitted historical objectivity to be colored by personal prejudice. And we have placed a huge question-mark after the following: "The sinking of the Lusitania had all the simple crudity of child-murder.

Their (the Germans') courtship of American opinion was a cave-man's wooing, conducted with incendiary bombs lovingly deposited in ships and factories and by the equally endearing comedy of preposterous incitements to Mexicans to go to war with the United States in order to recover all the lands that they had lost in 1848." We suspect that Mr. Guedalla has been unduly influenced by the scare-heads of pro-British propaganda.

Best analysis in the book: "Armed demagogy is rather a disease to which democracies are subject than an alternative and distinct system of government. The recorded symptoms are party tyranny and a complete elimination of freedom, a prolongation of the war-time omnipotence of the state, and a systematic concentration on the mind of youth. But as all diseases have their cycles, democracy may yet outgrow this strange corruption of itself."

Best aphorism: "The difference between English and Continental methods of government is the difference between counting heads and breaking them."

Best candid shot: Mr. Asquith to Mr. Bonar Law: "What do you think of Mussolini?" Mr. Bonar Law: "A lunatic."

Yes, we like our history streamlined. —THOMAS COATES.

Who Is Responsible?

CHRISTIANITY, CAPITALISM AND COMMUNISM. By Albert Hyma. Published by the author, Ann Arbor, Michigan. 1937. $2.75.

A SCHOLAR such as Albert Hyma, with an international reputation, scarcely needs an introduction. The academic world will welcome another volume from the pen of this authority in the Renaissance and Reformation.

As the title implies, the volume examines the influence of Christianity on the development of business in our western civilization from the days of the early church to the present time. The author has condensed the vast literature of this field into a single volume in which St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Gerson, Buridan, Scotus, Biel, Antonine, Luther, Calvin, Butzer, and scores of others present their personal views on the subject. For the first time an author of distinction has carefully analyzed the Weber-Troeltsch thesis on the basis of the sources and found it wanting. In fact, Professor Hyma proves that either these two Heidelberg professors did not examine the facts or that they misrepresented their findings to prove their thesis. In the light of this book it is no longer possible to hold that the Catholic writers of the late Middle Ages were reactionary toward the rapidly growing trade and industry but rather that they were more liberal than John Calvin or Martin Luther. Furthermore, they were more deeply interested in the finer aspects of business than the 16th Century Protestant reformers. Professor Hyma proves further that, contrary to the opinions of Weber and Troeltsch, Martin Luther was more progressive in his attitude toward business than Calvin. In fact, as the Michigan professor points out, it is entirely incorrect to say that Calvinism was the soil in which modern business began to flourish or that this faith caused the rapid growth of Capitalism in the Netherlands before it began in other parts of Europe. In brief, Capitalism grew in spite of Calvinism.

Another feature that makes this work unique is the author's thorough knowledge of the theological aspects of the writings of the men that he considers. Too many American historians have considered only the historical and economic phases of the rise of modern business, omitting the theological side, for which few of them are trained. This is certain to result in a distorted picture. What is even more remarkable, considering the author's Calvinistic background, is his fair and unbiased treatment of Luther and the Catholic writers. It is just another illustration of Leopold von Ranke's claim that when you really

go to the sources and allow them to speak, you approximate history "wie es eigentlich gewesen ist." Professor Hyma is to be congratulated for a piece of scholarly research, expressed in such a way that any student can understand it. This book should have a wide appeal, not only in academic circles, but also among all those who are truly interested in the relation between the Christian religion and the business world.—E. G. SCHWIEBERT.

A Dose of Broccoli

FASHION IS SPINACH. By Elizabeth Hawes. Random House, New York. 1938. 337 pages. $2.75.

GATHER around, sisters, while the men go out for a smoke or sit up against the wall. Now, then, just among us ladies, here is a book that gives us an inside peep at something that we are all very much interested in—the making of clothes. Elizabeth Hawes is in a position to tell all there is to tell on that subject. And does she tell it!

Liz (When you have read the book, you know her well enough to call her that. She isn't the least bit uppish. Comes right out and calls things by their names—not so you would mind it, of course, but you know what I mean. You feel at home with her right away, and she is *so* amusing. Hits off things *so* perfectly. And you can just tell she is that way outside of the book, too.) Well, as I was going to say, Liz, like some other very nice people, came from New Jersey. She started on clothes mighty early in life. Made some for herself when she was nine or ten, though she doesn't say what they looked like. When she had finished at Vassar (She studied there. It's a college.), she went to France —to Paris, of course—to learn designing. That was in 1925, and she had very little money. Her family was not rich.

She stayed in Paris for three years, and her story of those years is very interesting. Nothing off-color, and she doesn't try to show off bits of French, like most people who have spent three days over there. She found out how the famous dressmakers (couturiers they call them, and it's about the only French word she uses) work, how smaller shops and American manufacturers steal their ideas, how the Frenchmen who make fabrics really keep the whole thing going in order to sell their goods, and how most of the "best-dressed" French women get their clothes for little or nothing, so that others will see them and want to buy some of the same. You see, it is very much like what we call a racket here in America.

At first Liz honestly believed in "the French legend": "All beautiful clothes are made in the houses of the French couturières, and all women want them." After getting behind the scenes herself and even becoming a designer for Madame Groult, she saw how the whole legend has been built up, and what a silly legend it is. They *do* make beautiful clothes in those Parisian shops, but they make them to order for the women of the leisure class, who have nothing to do but to doll themselves up. These dresses, which cost, say $200 apiece, are copied and cheapened in material and workmanship for shops which sell at $89.50, again for those who charge $45.00, also for those whose price is $16.00, and finally for department stores at $3.75 or so. And so it comes about that American stenographers, for instance, sit around at their desks in clothes that are almost as suitable for their work as Eskimo clothes would be. Why do they do it? Well, they have to keep up with the fashions, you know. Why? Because everybody does. Why does everybody? Well, they just do. No matter how silly or ugly or uncomfortable the fashions may be? Yes. And yet American women are supposed to be independent and sensible, and so on! Liz Hawes is just that. She says, Fashion is Spinach. So was Shakespeare. He wrote, "See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is?"

When Liz came back to America in 1928, she felt that American clothes ought

to be designed for American women right here in America, so that those who wear the clothes could get what they need, what suits them, and what they want. She had not been able to find any reason why as beautiful clothes should not be designed here as anywhere. To prove that that can be done, she opened a shop in New York, and though she has had her ups and downs, she is now one of the best-known and most successful designers of women's clothes in America. What she sells in her shop is made to order and high in price—from about $200 up. But she is very much interested in the clothing situation and would like to do something for her American sisters in general.

She believes, for instance, that clothes should be beautiful. Of course, clothes cannot really be beautiful in themselves, but only in so far as they fit people and suit them. For this one cannot depend on fashion, for fashion may decide, say, on short skirts and show up all the strange underpinning that nature has devised—elephant style, crane style, and what else there may be. That is, however, a queer sort of beauty. If only style changed (about every seven years, as it does), there would be room for more variety and, consequently, more attention to individual differences and needs.

There should also be regard for comfort, and dresses should be practical for the purposes for which they are worn. Women should furthermore have a chance to express their personal tastes in a much wider way than they now can. Those who have their clothes made to order are able to do that, but not the great mass who buy ready-made. Why not they? It all comes back to that silly thing: fashion. "Fashion is that horrid little man with an evil eye who tells you that your last winter's coat may be in perfect physical condition, but you can't wear it. You can't wear it because it has a belt, and this year 'we are not showing belts'. Fashion gets up those perfectly ghastly ideas, such as that accessories should match, and proceeds to give you shoes, gloves, bag, and hat all in the same hideous shade of kelly green which he insists is chic this season whether it turns you yellow or not. Fashion is apt to insist one year that you are nobody if you wear flat heels, and then turn right around and throw thousands of them in your face. Fashion persuades millions of women that comfort and good lines are not all they should ask in clothes. Fashion swings the female population this way and that."

Because fashion changes every six months, ninety-nine and a half per cent of American women cannot afford to buy durable and well-made clothing, and both they and their husbands are kept miserable at that. The waste all along the line is tremendous. Shoddy is king. Miss Hawes has tried to get some of the clothing manufacturers to work toward something more sensible, but they are also caught in the merry-go-round, and they are not "in business for their health." She believes that women themselves will gradually have to assert their independence and good sense and put the deformed thief, fashion, in its place.—Liz Hawes's book is lively and sparkling. It is to be deplored that at times she misuses the name of God. But as for the spinach known as fashion, believe me, sisters, she has something there.

Church vs. World

THE CLASH. By Paul H. Andreen, Th. D. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. 1938. $1.00.

UNREST and strike are nothing new in this world. However, not for many generations, perhaps never before, has there been such universal unrest the world over. Along every front of human activity there is a clash of contending forces. This clash is graphically described by Dr. Andreen in this book of 150 pages, the title of which was happily chosen. The real theme of the book is the clash between Christianity and Humanism, between the church and a social order that

disregards God's law and knows nothing of spiritual values. The following sentences may be regarded as thematic: "Today our generation must choose between the rule of man over man in all its cruel selfishness and the guidance of God over His people in justice and truth and goodwill." "No one acquainted with the facts of history will fail to admit the intensity of the battle when Christ's teachings clash with the selfishness of man on all sectors—educational, economic, social and spiritual." "Christianity teaches that there must be a definite relation between moral character and social progress, and that makes for the clash—the same spirit that finally nailed Christ to the cross."

In chapter one, "The World in Conflict," the author deals with conditions growing out of the World War and the reconstruction efforts. "But the tragedy of it all was that Christianity was not one of the elements built into the foundations of the new structure." The inadequacy of all human endeavor to bring right out of wrong, and the futility of all governmental efforts at establishing an enduring political peace and a stable social order, are intelligently set forth. Communism, National Socialism, Fascism, and other movements are passed in review and subjected to the light of God's Word. "The voice of the people is not necessarily the voice of God, nor the voice of truth." "Unless the saving, creative Christ is made part of our personal and national life, there will be, not a Good Friday of mercy, but a Black Friday of judgment."

"The Church and the Social Order" is the caption of the second chapter. We quote: "The destruction of that fellowship in Christ which is expressed in the communion of saints has contributed to our present unrest, for the church believes that the foundation of a secure social order is laid deep in the spiritual attitudes of men. A saving contribution by Christianity to the progress of the human race is the teaching that a moral and spiritual law, revealed in Holy Writ, guides and determines destiny. When this divine law is obeyed it brings a blessing; broken, it results in disaster. We must seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness or we will never solve the problem of what to eat and drink and wherewithal to be clothed." Again: "The followers of Christianity and the state have a common aim because their objectives are the same. Both desire the security and happiness of mankind. But the foundations upon which they build are of different material. So is the bedrock. Parson and politician and pedagogue belong to different fraternities. The source of their inspiration, the author of their ideals, and the methods followed to gain the goal are not the same. . . . The one seeks to build a social order on a reborn Christian character; the other on federal or state laws, irrespective of character." Rightly does Dr. Andreen emphasize the duty of Christian citizens to be a leaven in the community and to do their full part in the building of a sound social order. At times, however, the author does not differentiate clearly between the Christ-given task of the Church as a divinely established institution and the civic obligations of church members.

Chapter three deals with "The Church and World Peace."—"The devotees of peace are sincere and earnest; but they avoid the basic question. They want to have a well ordered world without the church of Christ giving that spiritual life and religious discipline necessary to make it a fact." "The house of peace can be very artistically fashioned. It may, indeed, be a thing of beauty. But never can it be stronger than its foundation. And the foundation is the moral convictions and religious faith of the individuals who constitute society. The church of Christ teaches that only upon this foundation can lasting peace be built; otherwise, when the storms of hatred and the winds and rains of passion and greed beat upon that house,

it must fall, 'because it was built upon the sand' of sinful, blundering, and unreliable human nature."

In chapter four, "The Church of Today," we find these trenchant statements: "Today the church of Christ is losing its parish—the middle class. Large numbers of these men and women who were neither rich nor poor have become financially embarrassed and socially disinherited by war and depression. The struggle is now between entrenched wealth and the proletariat. . . . As the middle class diminishes in numbers, the church of Christ proportionately loses its adherents not only as social but as spiritual factors. As this conservative and moral element in society weakens, the power of radical and reactionary groups grows stronger."

"No weaklings were they, these members of the middle class. They have courageously and sacrificially supported and defended their church and their holy faith. It is because of their contributions that the institutions of mercy and education, the works of charity, home, inner, and foreign missions, have been able to perform their deeds of love. In a general way, the spiritual and moral phase of a public question interested them more than its financial or political aspect. Their influence for good cannot be overestimated." "The modern social crisis and the hatred against the church of Christ have a definite relationship to the low level of average, common life of the American people as it expresses itself in prevalent drunkenness, licentious movies, 'reefer cigarettes', pornographic magazines, lewdness, back-sliding, and religious indifference. On the surface it may appear to be caused by economic and industrial troubles; but basically it is of moral and spiritual origin. When the love of God and the devotion to Christ are lost, the stability of the nation is gone."

"The Present Crisis" is the subject of chapter five. "To gain a victory in the field of morals among a growing generation that has the passions of maturity, and all of whose restraint has been removed by commercialized greed, presents a task that can be accomplished only through the grace of God and the love of Christ. It is said that the pendulum will swing back. But although we know this to be a fact, an entire generation may, in the meantime, be mutilated by a loose sex life, as a past generation was by the World War. In the field of education and research, the inspiration of the incarnation of Christ and the sovereignty of God as the source of life and all creative progress, has yielded to the barren doctrines of Humanism and a life of pagan nature worship."

In the final chapter, entitled "The Church's Contribution to the Social Order," Dr. Andreen tells the story that needs to be retold again and again, how the Christian Church by its schools as well as its pulpits built a sturdy morality into a large portion of the citizenry of the first two hundred years after the settlement of this country. The church was the mother not only of popular education, but also of higher education. In primary and secondary schools, in colleges and universities, the church united religion with human knowledge and released the divine force of morality into the community. Truly the church was the source and the foundation of social stability. Today all that is changed. "Today it is being decided whether or not our civilization is to be cast into a Christian or an anti-Christian mould. The way modern education develops will determine the issue." Yet not only in education, but also in true philanthropy, in all that pertains to public welfare, the Christian church led the way. "It is well to remember this contribution of the church to the welfare of the social order. The church founded and fostered our colleges as well as a system of primary education in America and established most of the early hospitals. For almost two centuries after the beginnings of our nation, it was the church that organized, developed, and financed most of the work of

charity and gave aid to unfortunates and indigents, relieved human suffering, and proclaimed justice and equity to all, until the citizens of the state saw and understood what the members of the Christian church were doing. Today all this is regarded as a self-evident axiom."

The author's heart-beat pulses throughout the book. One feels his deep concern for the welfare of Church and State, his earnest desire for a sound social order built on enduring foundations, and his genuine sympathy for the distressed masses as well as for those who carry the burden of political or spiritual responsibility. All classes of men receive the author's thoughtful attention.

With such wholesome contents, it is a pity that the reading is marred by many literary laxities. There are, indeed, striking sentences and beautiful passages. But on the whole the book would have gained by more attention to arrangement of material and forms of expression. Loose pronominal references abound; little "it" being particularly overworked, with resulting vagueness. There is a lack of unity in sentences, paragraphs, and whole sections, resulting in loss of clarity and in needless repetitions. In consecutive reading this is somewhat disturbing; but it will not be so obtrusive if the book is read piece-meal. Probably the busy author was compelled to write his chapters in that fashion—reducing his *pensées* to writing as other duties permitted him to do so.

Unfortunately the author also fails to distinguish clearly between the Church and churches, between the divine institution established by Christ and the visible organizations of professing Christians. Similarly he fails to differentiate between the God-given task of the church and the many accretions that have come to be regarded as a part of the church's duty. The distinction is not clearly drawn between the true objective of the church and the by-products of Christianity; between the work assigned by God to the church and that assigned to the Christians as a moral and leavening force in the world. —MARTIN WALKER.

American Clay

THIS PROUD HEART. By Pearl S. Buck. Reynal and Hitchcock, New York. 1938. 371 pages. $2.50.

"THE loneliness of those who create" is the finely drawn chord which pulsates through Pearl Buck's American novel *This Proud Heart.* It is a distress which forces itself, with an ever-increasing sense of isolation, into the consciousness of the main character, Susan Gaylord, and provides an axis around which the conflict of the story revolves.

She had the natural human cravings for love, friendship, and household contentment, but found herself a hermit in the human circle, shut in the solitary cell of her own self by her possession of talents which made her superior to her acquaintances.

"How people hate any person whose head stands higher than theirs!"

She was not at all snobbish. She tactfully concealed her critical perception of the superficialities she saw in the lives of the people around her. She tried to endear herself to those close to her and remained modest under critical acclaim. But she could not overcome the feeling that somehow there was a part of her that was very much alone in the world.

Acquaintances were uncomfortable in her presence. She could not enter into their small talk. Her husband, Mark, had fits of self-abasement because he thought he was "not good enough for her." Fellow artists were jealous lest she rise above them. The master who was enthusiastic over her rare gift went into a temper because she would not cast love and home to the winds for a career. She wanted everything.

Her human yearnings impelled her to love, but the pathos of her old father's frustrated ambitions would not let art go. Between the two urges runs the plot of the book, leaving the troubled heart finally

almost alone in her country studio, resigned to the only steady company she knew, her works of sculpture, fondly referred to as "her people." One of all human creatures stayed put as they: timid, trusty, homespun Jane, her housekeeper.

It is a typical woman's magazine story, delving deeply into the psychoses and neuroses of human behavior. The author's sharp penetration, her skilful interpretation of people, and her skill of pen give the work more than ordinary merit, to which the fame of name adds sufficient to make it a best seller.

The artist in the author is also apparent in the descriptive lights on the sculptor's craft, the decrying of shoddiness and indolence in talent, and the attempt to strike a true level of artistic standards between stuffy antiques and surrealist fancies.

The book is, of course, not as representatively American as *Good Earth* is Chinese. It is representative of an uncommon individual in a circumscribed group. Certain elements, especially in the early locale of the story, have a tinge of *Main Street,* yet on the whole the novel moves along a course of thought and sophistication that is foreign to the mass, except by hearsay. It portrays class types, popularly invested with intelligence and social smugness, yet evincing an undertone of nervous restlessness and life perplexity only thinly hidden behind a debonair front.

There are pages that are of pleasant scene and tranquil situation, but in the conflict of the plot the story bogs into an acid state of society, touched off in the words: "There was no honor left anymore in what people did. Some old health and sweetness was gone out of people's hearts."

Perhaps that is more than a class trend. Perhaps it is more typically American than would appear to a back-country observer. Perhaps it is a mundane disaffection. At any rate, one is consoled. Pearl Buck gives her Susan the grace to struggle against its contagion.—HENRY RISCHE.

Boy in Florida

THE YEARLING. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1938. 428 pages. $2.50.

HERALDED by various critics as another *Huckleberry Finn, The Yearling,* by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, leaves this reviewer appreciative of a sensitive, finely written book, but dubious of its comparison with Mark Twain's classic. Perhaps prejudice resents the intrusion on a long-standing favorite.

The book is a year snatched from the life of Jody Baxter, twelve-year-old, of inland Florida, and Flag, his pet fawn. The two pass through and out of the "yearling" stage, in a year into which is crammed enough adventure, enough joy and heartbreak, to fill years for most ordinary boys. Jody hunts and is in at the kill of Slewfoot, an old rogue bear; he rides to the rescue of his father, dying from snakebite; a flood lays waste the country; he aids his father in a fight against the Forresters; his best friend, little crippled Fodder-wing, dies; and, with the loss of Flag, Jody leaves his own "yearling" days. "Somewhere beyond the sink-hole, past the magnolias, under the live oaks, a boy and a yearling ran side by side, and were gone forever."

At times, especially at the beginning, one wonders whether Mrs. Rawlings is writing for a juvenile or an adult audience. Certainly the former is indicated by her general style of short, declarative sentences, continued sometimes for pages. Again, however, the words used and occasional subjects touched imply the contrary. Apparently she wishes to convey either an impression of action or the staccato effect of a boy's thoughts. In either case, an over-dose becomes obtrusive unless one manages to become absorbed in the actual story.

Then, too, she does not always give the reader quite the feeling reached by Jody and his father. In the scene where

the two watch the whooping cranes, for instance, she finishes with, "They were in a trance from the strong spell of its beauty." But the reader is left with no particular vision of beauty. Almost any book on nature could convey as much.

These, however, are only technicalities and detract little from a book that will be a pleasure to many readers. *The Yearling* is Mrs. Rawlings' third book and the second to attain that so-called peak of success, choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club. This in itself is evidence enough of merit, even though time may confute the critics in their well-meant efforts to shove Jody next to Huck.—GEORGE PETRICK.

The City Eternally Fair

O'er the misted hills, the far hills of time,
And above the plains of despair,
On the other side of the rolling sea
And across the turbulent stream,
Over the dunes adream in the still of dusk
And the sheen of boreal snows
Gleam the turrets and towers, the jewel-bright walls,
Of the City eternally fair.

All through the long glare of the blistering day
And over the calm of the evening star,
Through dusk that distills from the outermost space
And dawn that beribbons the easterly rim,
Through clear-eyed midnight looking down with her stars
And weirdness of dark that belies the near dawn
Gleam the bulwarks and spires, the chrysolite walls,
Of the City eternally fair.

Still as o'er the promise of budding spring
With its fragrant, burgeoning blush,
As above the bloom of the summertide
And on through the ominous fall,
So above the blight of the frigid blast
And the winter's palsying cold
Gleam the bastions and ramparts, the far-shining walls,
Of the City eternally fair.

RICHARD A. JESSE

The JULY Magazines

Each month THE CRESSET *presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers.*

Fortune

Fortune Quarterly Survey

Four times a year *Fortune* explores the field of Public Opinion. This time it presents a balance sheet of President Roosevelt's standing with the American people. Some of the most interesting facts shown in the detailed report are as follows. More than 80 per cent of the people like the President's personality, and a clear majority in every part of the country and on every economic level approve of his policy on rearmament and international affairs. His objectives in general are popular, but his methods and his advisers are decidedly unpopular. Most people believe that he has too much power in his own hands and do not favor the reorganization bill. Government ownership of railroads is generally disliked, and hardly anyone, even among employers, is in favor of wage cutting. There is a hopeful attitude that better times may come soon. The average American is not much disturbed by the various wars that are going on, and a great majority is opposed to admitting political refugees from Austria and Germany. The President has his strongest hold with labor, the negroes, the poor, and the unemployed. A surprising fact is that students, usually champions of liberal causes, show a strong sentiment against Roosevelt. The Southeast and the Southwest are overwhelmingly for the President, but he no longer has a majority in the Northeast or on the Northwest plains, and his majority has declined in the Middle West.

Tomorrow's Airplane

Last December the Pan American Airways System invited eight American aircraft factories to submit proposals for airplanes that will far surpass anything now in use. Four of them accepted the invitation, and aeronautical engineers are now engrossed in the various problems that must be solved before the plans can be translated into reality. When these aircraft are completed, about three years hence, the Big Ship of the air will have arrived. There will be stateroom accommodations for at least 100

passengers, with dressing rooms, dining room, etc. A trip across the Atlantic at high altitude should not take more than 12 hours. For every hour of flight the passengers will have to set their watches 25 minutes forward or back. On the westward flight this will mean that if they leave Southampton at midnight, they will arrive in New York at 8 o'clock in the morning. Pan American's technical adviser in this undertaking is Colonel Lindbergh.

Atlantic Monthly

How Peace Came to Toledo

By EDWARD F. MCGRADY

The Department of Labor's former top-notch trouble-shooter tells how and why Toledo hit the nation's headlines with an industrial near-revolution in 1934 and how and why it has become a town where twenty-seven plants have spent millions of dollars enlarging their quarters and nineteen new industries have made their home. The tale increases one's faith that employer and employee can understand and help each other if they once get together. The Toledo Peace Board's record of settled labor disputes should give pause to all who talk of revolution as the only way out. This is revolution, with patience, tolerance, and understanding taking the place of hatred, greed, and selfishness.

What Mr. Chips Taught Me

By JAMES HILTON

Mr. Chips again, in whom most of us will find something or other of our own schoolmasters—men who did their jobs in Latin and Greek and Mathematics, not because they thought they were the most important things in the world, but because they wanted their pupils to learn how to live.

The sum total of what all the Mr. Chipses taught Mr. Hilton in report-card terms doesn't sound like value received—not for seventeen years of schooling anyway. Since then he has earned his living by writing newspaper articles and novels, which he did not learn at any of the three schools and colleges.

And yet Mr. Hilton, at thirty-seven, looks at the world about him, particularly that part of it across the Channel from his English home, with the eyes of an educated man. When Mr. Chips, amidst the bomb explosions of the World War protests, "These things that have mattered for a thousand years are not going to be snuffed out because some stink-merchant invents a new kind of mischief," Mr. Hilton is educated enough to observe that "unfortunately, it looks as if they *were* going to be snuffed out," educated enough to see that, in a world like ours, where men must not take themselves too seriously, "the polychromed shirt wearers of the Continent not only cannot laugh but dare not allow laughter,"

educated enough to know that, in the war now going on, "there will be no heroes charging splendidly to their death because 'someone has blundered,' but grayfaced *morituri,* prone in their steel coffins, diving to kill and be killed because, in the reckoning of authority, no one has blundered at all" in so arranging the world that the accidents of a quarter century ago have become the design of living—and dying.

What Mr. Chips taught Mr. Hilton is what we must remember if man, as man, is to continue to live.

Harper's

Omaha, Nebraska

By George R. Leighton

This is an exceptionally well written story of the city of Omaha. This city is so completely identified with the history of railroading, particularly that of the Union Pacific, that the article offers an interesting account of all the manipulating and controlling of men and of money which was necessary before the tracks of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific met on May 1, 1869, at Promontory Point, Utah. The efforts of the Populist Party to break the control of the railroads is a fascinating story, although it does dispel the halo of romance and of courage which so often surrounds the early railroad magnates. The beginnings of the packing industry in Omaha are also effectively described.

The Mystery of the Mino Tomb

By Albert Franz Cochrane

Is the Mino Tomb exhibited in the Boston Museum a "forgery" or is the sculpture genuine Renaissance? Alceo Dossena, an Italian sculptor and celebrated forger, who died a few months ago, declared, "In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, is a marble tomb exhibited as the work of Mino da Fiesole. I made it." But Mr. Young, a technician of the Museum, claims to have demonstrated by the use of polarized light that the Mino Tomb does date from the Middle Ages but was lately restored in several details. Those who are not interested in the controversy over the Mino Tomb will nevertheless enjoy the description of the tests that are applied to determine the age of marble and read with interest the story of the forgery ring with which Alceo Dossena was connected. The article may also induce a little skepticism of the titles under museum exhibits.

News From Siberia

By George R. Cressey

To the author, who has spent considerable time there, Siberia, "economically as well as politically, is the most arresting country on earth." He describes the great improvements which the U.S.S.R. has made in this

country despite almost insurmountable difficulties. In twenty years the population has increased from ten to twenty-five million and the cultivated land from thirty-two to ninety-eight thousand square miles. The glory of this Soviet achievement in Siberia is somewhat dimmed by the realization that hundreds of thousands of the population are "exiled Kulaks who resisted the government's programs of collectivization." Although it is impossible to agree with the conclusion that "two Five Year Plans have now brought enough of more comfortable living to give the Russians a definite and substantial faith in the future," we can nevertheless appreciate the interesting experiments which are being made in Siberia.

Scribner's

Morris L. Ernst

By MARQUIS JAMES

Scribner's examines Morris L. Ernst, forty-nine years old, who rose "from a shirt manufacturer studying law in a night school, to a place among the leading liberal lawyers of America." He is a confidential consultant of Mayor La Guardia, Governor Lehman, and of department heads of the Roosevelt Administration. His law practice includes clients from the higher and lower brackets. His income of $40,000 annually allows him to give about two-thirds of his time to non-revenue or low-revenue-producing pursuits in the interest of public service. He successfully argued for James Joyce's book *Ulysses* in a Federal court, defended *Life* for running still pictures from the controversial film "The Birth of a Baby," and has otherwise been the champion in notorious censorship cases. He represents, among others, the Macaroni Workers Union, the Sculptors Guild, the Authors League, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Sauerkraut Workers Union, the Society of American Composers, and the Dramatists Guild. He has defended the C.I.O. against Mayor Frank Hague. Though a Jew, he is against Zionism. A chronic contributor to *The Nation,* in 1931 he wrote an article in which he enumerated eighty-eight things he would like to see come to pass in the United States. Among them were the germs of some of the items on the New Deal's program, such as the N.R.A., the T.V.A., and the A.A.A.

High Hat

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

This month *Scribner's* looks at the luxury group of magazines, Nast's *Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Town and Country, Country Life & The Sportsman,* and *The Spur.* These five superslicks, with a total subscription list of 500,000 readers, appeal to people of wealth and to persons who wish they were people of wealth, with

country homes, horses, dogs, and yachts. *Country Life* wants "to portray with dignity, charm, and seriousness the real life of the American landed gentry." *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* cater to the ladies thirsting for information about hats, dresses, and shoes, advice on cosmetics, and interior decoration. *Town and Country* carries feature articles about horses, head-waiters, columnists, and details the antics of the smart set in various parts of the world. *Spur* is very masculine. *Country Life* is the swankiest. The article adds historical data on these high-hat magazines, quotes figures on advertising revenue and circulation, and offers brief biographical paragraphs on the publishers and editors, particularly Condé Nast of *Vogue*.

Darrow, Friendly Enemy

By Clarence True Wilson

As Executive Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a position which he held for twenty-six years, the author of this article held a series of forty-six debates with Clarence Darrow, the noted criminal lawyer and agnostic, who died recently. The reminiscences of this association with Darrow make interesting reading and present a picture of the man which reveals that even an infidel is not necessarily devoid of the social virtues. A recognition of the kindly traits in the character of a bitter opponent need not imply any lack of detestation of the poison which he spreads. Hatred of a man is as un-Christian as hatred of falsehood and error is Christian. No funeral service could have been more pathetic than that which was held in the Bond Chapel of the University of Chicago for Clarence Darrow. All the lights of human hope were out.

This Business of Abortion

By Louis Blanchard Kaley

A chain of abortion clinics in California cities doing a million dollar a-year business is, indeed "a grim, fantastic story." Still more grim and more shocking is the fact that 500,000 is the lowest estimate of our annual abortion rate. In this figure there is for our civilization a death rattle which is no less distinct because economic conditions are held responsible. To be reduced to the necessity of proposing a liberalization of our abortion laws, "as the lesser of two wrongs," is of itself an ominous commentary on contemporary morality.

Check List of Books Reviewed

SEVERAL times a year THE CRESSET presents a check list of books reviewed in the columns of the journal over a period of four or five months. This list may serve as a reminder to our readers as well as a brief survey of the books THE CRESSET for one reason or another has considered worthy of notice.

The following system of notation is used:

★★★ *Recommended without reservation.* THE CRESSET *believes these books have exceptional and lasting merit.*

★★ *Recommended—with reservations. The reservations are indicated in the reviews and are usually concerned with errors in morals or in facts.*

★ *Not recommended. Reviews of these are printed in our columns for negative and defensive reasons. Usually they are almost entirely without merit.*

★★★ THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS.
By Leo C. Rosten.

★★★ REVOLT AGAINST WAR.
By H. C. Engelbrecht.

★★★ IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.
By Fred H. Lindemann.

★★★ SCIENCE AND MUSIC.
By Sir James Jeans.

★★★ HEINRICH HEINE, PARADOX AND POET.
By Louis Untermyer.

★★★ OUTPOSTS OF SCIENCE.
By Bernard Jaffe.

★★★ ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA.
By Eugene Lyons.

★★★ HERE STAND I!
By Martin Niemoeller.

★★★ THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM.
By Thurman W. Arnold.

★★★ JOHN WESLEY IN THE EVOLUTION OF PROTESTANISM.
By Maximin Piette.

★★★ JOSEPH IN EGYPT.
By Thomas Mann.

★★★ THE HOUSE THAT HITLER BUILT.
By Stephen H. Roberts.

★★★ YOU CAN'T DO THAT.
By George Seldes.

★★ FOREVER ULYSSES.
By C. P. Rodocanachi.

★★ I KNEW HITLER.
By Kurt G. W. Ludecke.

★★ ENDS AND MEANS.
By Aldous Huxley.

★★ FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE.
By Bruce Marshall.

★★ THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING.
By Lin Yutang.

★★ MAN, BREAD AND DESTINY.
By C. C. and S. M. Furnas.

★★ HELL ON ICE.
By Edward Ellsberg.

★★ UPPER MISSISSIPPI.
By Walter Havighurst.

★★ MOSCOW NEWS.
(Weekly Edition of *Moscow Daily News*)

★★ DARK ISLANDS.
By John W. Vandercook.

★★ 400 MILLION CUSTOMERS.
By Carl Crow.

★★ CONQUEROR OF THE SEAS.
By Stefan Zweig.

★★ NO HEARTS TO BREAK.
By Susan Ertz.

★★ A PRAIRIE GROVE.
By Donald Culross Peattie.

★★ DAWN IN LYONESSE.
By Mary Ellen Chase.

★★ OUT OF AFRICA.
By Isak Dinesen.

★★ R.F.D.
By Charles Allen Smart.

★★ FOOTNOTES TO THE FILM.
By Charles Davy.

★★ THE THIRD HOUR.
By Geoffrey Household.

★★ TOMBS, TRAVEL, AND TROUBLE.
By Lawrence Griswold.

★★ ASSIGNED TO ADVENTURE.
By Irene Kuhn.

★★ TESTED SENTENCES THAT SELL.
By Elmer Wheeler.

★ THE PRODIGAL PARENTS.
By Sinclair Lewis.

★ THE NILE.
By Emil Ludwig.

★ YOUNG HENRY OF NAVARRE.
By Heinrich Mann.

★ ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND FREEDOM.
By Cecil John Cadoux.

★ PROGRESS AND CATASTROPHE.
By Stanley Casson.

★ BEYOND HORIZONS.
Lincoln Ellsworth.

★ ACTION AT AQUILA.
By Hervey Allen.

★ THE TYRANNY OF WORDS.
By Stuart Chase.

★ SPRING CAME ON FOREVER.
By Bess Streeter Aldrich.

★ REASON AND REVELATION.
By Edward McCrady.

★ FIVE-SUIT BRIDGE.
By "The Four Aces."

★ SUSAN AND GOD.
By Rachel Crothers.

★ THE BETRAYAL OF INTELLIGENCE.
By Joseph Jastrow.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Blast and Counterblast

SIR:

As much as I admire the high talent revealed in the pages of THE CRESSET, I must protest vigorously against the dual personality revealed in the editorial section and the Literary Scene. Pray how does it all work? For example, you have an editorial more or less saying how nice it is that Henry Ford eats a luncheon with FDR and then you have a distinctly class-conscious note on Onions in Hollywood. Furthermore, you pummel Eleanor Roosevelt for espousing that obstetrical film and in your Literary Scene some time ago—or was it in the same issue—your reviewer of a film book indirectly asks for more frankness in Hollywood. Then you have editorials that look frowningly on Moscow but one of your reviewers (I presume he is a staff member) gives a sound, but at the same time very favorable review of the Thurman Arnold book, *The Folklore of Capitalism*. What's it all about? Who determines your economic and political and social policy? Or do the editors just take turns shooting?

MELVIN LEFOR

Green River, Wyoming

[*Why not? There are so many things to shoot at in the modern world that the editors must take turns. In the political and social field* THE CRESSET *knows no sacred cows. The editors represent every shade of political and social opinion except red and they get along with one another magnificently. We still believe in freedom of speech, even for error.*—ED.]

Voice from the Earth

SIR:

After reading the May *Pilgrim* I was prompted to write but a hunch made me wait for the June issue. I wanted to see what the *Pilgrim* would do. I am referring to the Heaven and Earth serial you ran. Has it ended? Regardless, I presume to raise a question. It is all very well to talk about idealism. I am all for it. But dare one refer to Christianity as an ideal? I really believe it was more than that. It was a fact. Now can facts be ideals? Perhaps and perhaps not. William James called most Americans pragmatists. Whether or not you admit that assumption, I am sure subconsciously all we Americans are pragmatists. I ask you, therefore, to resolve this paradox: Christian idealism (assuming there is such a thing) and American pragmatism (and there is such a creature).

The trouble with the Pilgrim is that he doesn't hitch his robe high enough to wade into every day matters. He sits in a cathedral most of the time, or has a cathedral mood, and forgets the essential fact that Ford's private police continue to draw pay for beating up pamphleteers. I know your answer. I just thought I would blow away some of the clouds.

HERBERT PLUMMER

Oakmont, Michigan

Not So Silly

SIR:

Poetry, according to Webster is "the embodiment, in appropriate rhythmical

anguage, of beautiful or high thought, *imagination* or *emotion.*" This is the point which Mr. Blumenstein evidently forgot in his denunciation of the "silly" poetry published in THE CRESSET.

The implication that all poetry in THE CRESSET is "silly" really deserves that classification in the full sense of Webster's definition. Such poems as "The Shepherds Die," "On Christmas Night," "A New Year's Thought," "New Year's Eve," "Stillness," "Lenten Meditation," to mention but a few, are certainly beautiful and deserving of a place in THE CRESSET.

So Mr. Editor, continue to give us poetry in THE CRESSET, especially verse by Helen Myrtis Lange! We like it!

MARTHA MEYER
Portage, Wisconsin

Sacred Music

SIR:

I have found the magazine very enjoyable. Surprising and opening a new vista to me were the fine art and painting reproductions especially of religious subjects as those presented in Passion time. The book reviews I have found good.

Being especially interested in music, I would like to see articles dealing with the relation of music to the church or churches in general and not limited only to great secular music. Something on the order of reviews of great sacred choral works or instrumental works similar to the review on the St. Matthew's Passion. There is Brahms' "Requiem," Mendelssohn's oratories, etc. Then of either older sacred composers or on single works as Durante's "Misericordias Domini" and other great choral numbers as the compositions used by great choirs as St. Olaf choir and our Lutheran choirs. A department that would review compositions of this sort being included on programs of this year by these choirs and with recommendations by use for Lutheran choirs. No other Lutheran magazine seems to review music on the plane attempted by Mr. Hansen. New music could also be reviewed similar to new books; especially the choral works with their use in services in view. Also the critic could attempt to sort out the "triviata" from new music works, including the instrumental field, being placed on the market.

DONALD SCHUMM
Three Rivers, Michigan

The "Low-Brow" Again

SIR:

I wonder if you would open the sacred columns of THE CRESSET just once more to the effusions of "A Low-Brow." Since the appearance of the July issue of the magazine, where a gentleman from Buffalo tramples in the dust of contempt my ill-fated "Confession," my perplexities have increased, and new questions have arisen in my perturbed heart. I know I should be completely squelched, squashed, and annihilated by the furious critique of my Buffalonian friend. Particularly crushing was the classical paragraph: "Certain people may have felt that it was indelicate of Mr. Low-Brow, in his correspondence, to open his mouth, as it were, in public and invite everybody to step up and inspect his peculiar tonsils and take a look at the warts on his tongue." (And to think that I called myself a "Low-Brow.") Somehow or other I cannot feel myself entirely flattened until I have cleared away some new difficulties which my Buffalonian friend has raised. They are partly physiological or anatomical. I did not know that the mere opening of the mouth brings the tonsils into view. I have childhood recollections of the gagging use of a spoon or other blunt instrument to expose them to inspection. And what, Mr. Editor, are "peculiar" tonsils? Swollen, inflamed, infected,—yes, but "peculiar"? Well, anyway, I suppose I have to reconcile myself to the fact that I have them. And warts on the tongue. I am

getting alarmed and mystified. I have seen them on noses and lips and on outlying districts of the body, but I always figured that the tongue was fairly immune. Poor me!

In rebuking me for offering my "confidences" in print my high-brow friend from Buffalo says: "Some of them (confidences) we whisper to the moon and the stars or to the airily creatures of our fancy and feel that they have become partners with us and understand." Never, Mr. Editor, never! I simply cannot do it. I should go out and whisper to the moon and have the wise old codger look down at me knowingly but unresponsively? Anyway, he is too busy laughing at the lovelorn nuts who are perpetrating their romantic follies under his auspices. Nor can I persuade myself to expect much from the stars except a blinking indifference. Then I have tried to visualize myself going out into the woods seeking to summon for my benefit "the airy creatures of our fancy," trying to put a coaxing lilt in my tonsil-impeded voice as I chant through the warts on my tongue: "Come, come, you sprites and gnomes and elfs and fairies, come out from your hiding-places. I see you, you little rascals. There is no use trying to hide. I want to commune with you. I want to make you my 'partners' and I have been told that you will 'understand'." I just cannot get myself to do it, Mr. Editor. If that is the custom of the high-brows, then I am out of the charmed circle forever and forever.

The sentence of my critic regarding soup-eating has inspired me. It definitely divides the human race into two classes, those who eat their soup vociferously and with impromptu musical embellishments and those who sneak it down with awesome silence. I propose the formal organization of the two groups with qualifying tests and governing rules and regulations. The one might be called The Silent Soup Sippers and the other The Sibilant Soup Siphoners. To what group do you belong, Mr. Editor? I have never thought of listening in on you before, but you are safe no longer. I shall have my ears attuned to the slightest gurgle the next time we eat together. In fact, I shall expect a good deal of enjoyment in classifying my dinner guests henceforth.

I was touched in my "underprivileged heart" by the Buffalo correspondent's assurance that my "case is not hopeless" and that I am merely "imperfectly socialized." That sounds real comforting. But then he dashes my hope to the ground by telling me that "socialization depends on the harmony of the constituent parts of society, and the easiest way to attain harmony is through uniformity, or, at most, variations within narrow limits." No! Nix! Never! We have not yet adopted the collectivistic ideology of the totalitarian state and are not yet casting the human element of society into a common mold. The Scriptures emphasize strongly the diversity of gifts with which mortals are endowed. We do not want uniformity. When God makes a man he casts away the mold. As Quintus Quiz recently remarked in *The Christian Century:* "Unless we are willing to allow oddness and eccentricity we shall never have room for freshness and originality."

My concessions to the desired social uniformity may even demand of me the cultivation of a taste for "avocados." (I believe we low-brows call them alligator pears.) Mr. Editor, I am getting more and more depressed and more stubbornly determined to maintain "the abnormality and oddity" of my "feelings." I do not like alligator pears. I have some friends that do like them, but if they insisted on my eating avocados, the hour would probably come where I would have to rise and in all the solemn and impressive dignity of my self-assertion tell them: "The hour of decision has come. You will have to choose between me and avocados. There are limits to a man's powers of accommodation. I

have yielded to carrots and prunes and spinach and olives. But I draw the line at avocados. Friends, the choice is yours." Perhaps they would choose the avocados, and so with bowed head and dragging steps I would leave the room to find other friends.

I get even more down in the mouth when I am told that I must stand ready to condone the possible "fashion for men to wear feathers in their hats." "Ich bin dagegen!" Perhaps very few men deserve feathers in their hats and to make it a general custom, well, Mr. Editor, well, I—but words fail me. Low-brow or not, I shall never walk through life feathered. If I must live to see the day when men are supposed to wear feathers, I shall form F.F.F.F.F.F.F., which means The Federation for the Furtherance of the Fortitude of the Furious Foes of the Feather Fashion. The whole feather movement would create endless difficulties. Surely the feather adornment would have to be distinctive of the individual's character and personality. How would you decorate, for instance, the editor of THE CRESSET? How would you designate with a feather the fluidity and flexibility of his style and the mystic beauty of his literary offerings? You could not use a stiff chicken feather, not even that of a spring chicken, for we have his statement in print that he does not like spring and wants it eliminated from the calendar. Perhaps we could fix him up with a willowy, graceful ostrich plume. And, how could you "say it with feathers" in describing the versatility of the theological professor who edits *The Alembic?* Why, you would have to stick feathers all around the man's hat. And how would that look? Or how could you express with feathers the many-sided ability of the solid cleric from Oak Park who adorns THE CRESSET staff or the diversified talents of the professor from Valparaiso, whose unsigned contributions to THE CRESSET I read with constant delight and to which I always add the refrain: "Thank God for a man with a sense of humor." The rascal could not hide his style from me behind a mountain of feathers. I associated with him at the seminary. When the feathers are given out, I want to pick his. But the whole proposition will not work, and I hope it is never attempted. You can imagine what kind of feather my Buffalo friend would want to stick into my hat.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, will you please assure the correspondent from Buffalo that, while his sympathy is deeply appreciated, I am not really unhappy in my "underprivileged" condition, languishing for a "pat on the back" by my high-brow friends. In spite of my deplorable limitations I manage to have quite a little fun out of life, and prize among my friends many whom I have under suspicion of being high-brows, although they do not realize their condition. May they ever remain in blissful ignorance, as I remain

A HOPELESS LOW-BROW

Low-Brows and Canaries

SIR:

I once heard a story of a Southern lady who had listened to a conversation which she felt unjustly defamed the individual in question, but feared that her efforts to make any correction would be futile. In telling of it later she said, "I didn't say anything. I just kept numb."

When I was very small, I had a strong tendency to make two classifications of things. There were those of which I said, positively, "I like—," and those of which I said, positively, "I don't like—." As time went on, I discovered that it was not always wise to make that assertion aloud. Like the Southern lady, I discovered that often it was best to just keep "numb."

Unfortunately, the years have not brought me the wisdom which enables me to say, "I like" or "I don't like" at precisely the right moment. I, too, fear that I am an incurable low-brow. In vain have

I sought to rise to greater heights. I felt a profound sympathy for the individual whose letter appeared in the June CRESSET. For a time I felt that the solution to my difficulty was to find some authority or authorities upon whom I could rely. But how can a mere low brow determine who is an authority? Each authority has his critics, and the critics have their critics.

Happily, in connection with music, I have at last found my authority. My mother has two canary birds. We have long since noted that they are much more readily inspired to sing by certain kinds of music than others. A little observation shows that they are least responsive to such radio programs as Saturday night barn dances, German bands, yodeling cowboys, or wailing saxophones. But when they hear violins, cellos, or certain piano compositions—Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata for instance—they often raise their voices in such enthusiastic singing that it sounds more like a rousing cheer.

However, it never occurred to me that the birds actually knew quality because much "obviously good" music also left them unresponsive. It was just recently that I changed my sentiments. For about a year I have been attempting to become a violinist. This process was in danger of being temporarily halted because of necessary repairs to the violin. My instructor, who looks kindly upon my low brow efforts, wanted my practicing to proceed without interruption. The only violin he had available at the moment was his genuine Cremona valued at more than $3,000. Its tone *is* obviously good. Over my protests that it was too good to practice on, he pressed it upon me.

It was while I was using this instrument that I first became aware of the birds' possibilities as authorities. Hardly had the bow touched the strings when they set up a more vigorous and rousing cheer than has ever before issued from their throats. Each time I picked up the violin, the same thing occurred. Truly, the birds know quality. Hereafter, when critics leave me in doubt about the merits of some musical composition, I shall leave the final verdict to them. If they cheer for it, I shall say, positively, "I like—."

I wish to say that I am an enthusiastic, cover to cover reader of THE CRESSET. It falls definitely under my "I like" heading.

ANOTHER LOW-BROW

Wausau, Wisconsin

"Bolero" Fortissimo

SIR:

The interestingly insidious attack made on the late Maurice Ravel's *Bolero* and on me by a writer named F. Machina in the July issue of THE CRESSET is sweepingly unjust and amusingly gratuitous. It contains its own powerful refutation. The one and only reason why I react at all is because the question of "propriety" has been raised. Mr. Machina has the right to hold and to express his own convictions about music and musicians; but it cannot be denied that his communication affords me an excellent opportunity to point to the Biblical truth that "unto the pure all things are pure" (Titus 1, 15). Ravel's *Bolero,* like many of the fine things in this world, has been abused and misused. My own opinion as to the intrinsic musical value of the composition may be utterly worthless and hopelessly warped; but, to this moment, I cling to what I wrote in the February issue of THE CRESSET. After all, it is merely my own view, and, for Mr. Machina's comfort, I may add that it strove to prove nothing whatever. The eminent French composer's fascinating orchestral *tour de force* continues to thrill me to the bone when it is capably performed, and my wholehearted admiration of the uncanny skill with which it is scored has not been abated one whit by the innuendoes of Mr. Machina.

WALTER A. HANSEN

Fort Wayne, Indiana

Contributors—Problems—Final Notes

The Editor's Lamp

ON OUR way to the office a few days ago we heard some diminutive urchins use the cant of the modern gangster. A few moments of listening persuaded us that they had learned the language from the radio in their homes. Undoubtedly the radio is the most significant development of the machine age. Attempts to evaluate its function in modern life have been innumerable. In keeping with the purpose of THE CRESSET one of our leading articles this month considers *Radio's Account With Religion.* Apparently the balance leans toward the debit side. The author, a careful student of modern affairs, is the pastor of Immanuel Church, Braddock, Pennsylvania.

Our second leading article for this month is from the pen of Ricka Klein Reetz of St. Louis, Missouri, whose letter, *A very New Angel,* in the April issue aroused much comment. We are certain that our readers will welcome it as a desirable change from the dark ways of dictators and diplomats. The fantasy represents a type of fiction which has become increasingly popular during the past few years.

We are happy to present a number of guest reviewers to our readers this month. Thomas Coates *(The Hundred Years)* is pastor of Trinity Church, Harvel, Illinois . . . George Petrick *(The Yearling)* has appeared in the columns of THE CRESSET in an earlier issue. He is a writer and a resident of Chicago. Henry Rische *(This Proud Heart)* is pastor of the church at Dunsmuir, California. Martin Walker *(The Clash)* will be remembered for his careful review of *God-Controlled Lives* in the February issue. He is pastor at Calvary Church, Buffalo, New York. E. G. Schwiebert (*Christianity, Capitalism and Communism*) is professor of history at Valparaiso University, and a specialist in the history of the 16th century.

We should like to call the attention of our feminine readers to the review of *Fashion is Spinach,* by Elizabeth Hawes. The review is written by one of our associates who has devoted many years to a careful study of the entire subject. If there is any error of

fact or opinion in the review, we should be grateful for the corrections of our feminine readers.

We have received a number of inquiries concerning the identity of the writer who writes such things as *Innocent at the Telephone* in THE CRESSET for July. We regret to report that the writer refuses to reveal his identity. His modesty is matched only by his ability to see life in its most incongruous moments.

We consider it no more than right and just that Low-Brow should be given the floor again in the current issue. It must be said that the majority of our readers seem to feel profoundly sympathetic toward him. We have not been able to publish all the communications which sent him cheer. Perhaps the suggestion offered this month by our correspondent from Wausau, Wisconsin, concerning the possible acquisition of canaries may be of some small help to him.

We note with somewhat puzzled amusement that our musicians are at it again. One month the rattle of swords is over Bach and the next month over Ravel's *Bolero.* We have received several requests to continue the discussion of the merits of Bach. May we repeat that the pages of THE CRESSET are open to anyone who has something to say concerning the matter and says it well?

Articles now in preparation for the coming months are unusually interesting. As we have promised for some time, we are now ready to present an examination of the American newspaper. In addition, a series of two articles on modern literature will begin in the early fall. Several of our correspondents now sojourning in Europe will present their observations in forthcoming issues. Some very interesting articles are promised.

What Is Modern?

"When one wants to say of a person that he or she is lascivious and insensitive to the point of indulging promiscuously in what is technically known as 'love,' one should state the fact in so many words and not say that he or she is 'modern.' For such a person is not modern, but on the contrary, antique and atavistic. To behave like the Romans under Caracalla, the Asiatic Greeks, the Babylonians, is not a bit modern. In point of historical fact it is monogamous love and chastity that are the modern inventions. . . . Really modern people love like the Brownings."—ALDOUS HUXLEY.

FORTHCOMING ISSUES

I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

ON BEING RIGHT
DO WE THINK?
MODERN LITERATURE: BEGINNINGS
MODERN LITERATURE: MANIFESTATIONS
LET'S GLANCE AT THE PAPERS

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

MORLEY'S MAGNUM ..... *Christopher Morley*
WINGED PHARAOH ..... *Joan Grant*
THE MORTAL STORM ..... *Phyllis Bottome*
PARTS UNKNOWN ..... *Frances Parkinson Keyes*
NAPOLEON ..... *Boris Sokoloff*
A PHILOSOPHY FOR A MODERN MAN ..... *H. Levy*
RECONCILIATION AND JUSTIFICATION ..... *Theo. Dierks*
MY AUSTRIA ..... *Kurt Schuschnigg*
SIT DOWN WITH JOHN L. LEWIS ..... *C. L. Sulzberger*
CHRISTIAN FAITH AND THE SCIENCE OF TODAY... *J. H. Morrison*
GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL ..... *Clyde Brion Davis*
BEST SHORT STORIES 1938 ..... *Edward J. O'Brien*
THE INTELLIGENT INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY.... *P. W. Bridgman*
CHRIST AND THE FINE ARTS ..... *Cynthia Pearl Maus*
THE CULTURE OF CITIES ..... *Lewis Mumford*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